

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Minority Rights In Russia

By L. S. STAVRIANOS

Canadian Churches and the Last War

By JOHN FAIRFAX

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Let 'em Eat Cake	-	-	-	Rebecca Rouge
Whither Alberta?	-	-	-	Walter Mentz
Something to Tell You (Story)	-	-	-	Kimball McIlroy
Spanish Scene	-	-	-	Roy Davis
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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Toronto, Ontario, November, 1936.

No. 190

MR. KING AT GENEVA

THE much-discussed speech of our prime minister at Geneva has assisted considerably in making clear the real issues which face the Canadian people in foreign policy. Mr. King carries to its logical conclusion the persistent policy of all Canadian governments since 1918 when he refuses to tie himself to any commitments at Geneva. It is obvious that there is now no more hope that the League may be used as an instrument of a genuine collective system for enforcing peace, and that if we let ourselves become entangled in its coercive machinery we are in danger of throwing our support blindly to one side or the other in the European balance-of-power which is now in course of construction. Mr. King therefore has quite properly served notice that we wash our hands of Geneva. The pious enthusiasm which he expressed for conciliation is not likely to deceive any European and was only meant for sentimentalists in Canada. Henceforth our membership in the League need involve us in European wars no more and no less than the United States is involved by the Kellogg Pact. Mr. King also safeguarded himself against the temptation to intervene in Europe for the purpose of taking one side in the class war between democracy and fascism. "The difficulty of automatic intervention increases rather than decreases when conflicts tend to become struggles between classes, between economic systems, social philosophies, in some instances between religious faiths as well as between states." Until the governments in Europe which profess to be democratic, and the government which professes to be socialist, show a willingness to run more risks for their democracy and their socialism than any of them have shown in the Spanish struggle, it is surely only common sense for Canada to remain a spectator.

THE PRICE WE MUST PAY FOR PEACE

WE are left, then, with only two choices in our foreign policy. There being no effective international machinery by which a war in Europe can be prevented, Canada must decide either to commit her fortunes completely to the keeping of Great Britain or to do her best to stay out of the European war. We may accept the invitation which will be officially given to us by Britain's National government at next year's Coronation Imperial Conference and which, however it may be worded, will mean in effect that we engage ourselves to back up by force whatever policies the British government may

see fit to follow. This is what united "Commonwealth Defence" really means, for all experience since 1914 has shown that we can't really control the British Foreign Office. They supply the policy and we supply some of the cannon fodder which will be needed in carrying out the policy. In return we get a British guarantee for our security, whatever that may be worth. The other alternative is to revert to Laurier's attempted policy of North American aloofness from Europe. The overwhelming argument for this policy is that our security is not really threatened by any danger which we are not quite capable of repelling by ourselves, unless we insist on tying ourselves to British imperialism with its exposed positions all over the world. Mr. King is obviously headed towards this policy of aloofness. He said bluntly at Geneva that we were not bound to take part in a war in which another member of the Commonwealth might be involved. But if we are to stay neutral in the next European war we should be preparing for neutrality now. We are still bound to Britain by legal ties which can be put out of the way only by legislation similar to the South African Status Act and Royal Executive Functions and Seals Act. The maintenance of neutrality will necessitate a strict control over our external trade such as good Canadian Liberals shudder at, and this control can only be effective if we prepare for it now in time of peace. Are we prepared to take such steps as these? Let us ask Mr. King when he returns from Europe.

CANADA AND SPAIN

THE Spanish rebels have been so successful of late as to be promoted by the world press to the status of 'insurgents'. Generals Mola and Franco, as their proficiency in killing Spaniards increases, become daily more respectable. The fate of Madrid, as we write, still hangs in the balance, but whatever strategic successes the rebels may win it seems unlikely that they can conquer all Spain or even pacify what they have conquered. At least Catalonia and possibly the Basque territories are likely to remain free. The slaughter of tens of thousands of the country's youth continues—and these the educated and intelligent, of whom Spain has always had too few. The loss in this generation to Spanish culture and progress will be irreparable. We imagine that the Moorish troops who, the rebel generals have promised, will be given land in Spain, are not likely to supply a substitute for Spain's youth. Meanwhile the hypocrisy of neutrality on

the part of Spain's neighbours continues. Morocco and Portugal continue to be supply bases for the rebels, while the legal government finds the markets of the world closed to it. Nor can we in Canada affect any moral superiority in this matter. The foreign trade figures reveal that our exports to Morocco which in September of last year were \$1,924, have in September of this year amounted to \$296,752. The Mail and Empire's Ottawa correspondent assures us that "the authorities have no delusions about where the shipments are going to ultimately — to General Franco, but they don't feel called upon to take any action." After all, we get our money.

THE CURRENCY DEAL

MR. MORGENTHAU describes the recent currency agreement between the United States, France and Great Britain as the culmination of a long struggle towards exchange stabilization. The public memory has had time to forget that President Roosevelt torpedoed all such proposals at the London Economic Conference. At that time America, rejoicing in her new-found freedom off gold, was trying to raise prices. France and the Gold Bloc with the moral support of the Bank of England—resentful of the advantage enjoyed by a depreciated dollar in foreign trade—wanted a return to gold by all at provisional gold parities. Mr. Roosevelt then described such ideas as "old fetishes of so-called international bankers" and let the dollar slide. Today the position has been reversed. France devaluates and the Washington Administration co-operates to achieve stability at the new level of the franc. The Administration has itself abandoned the notion that prices can be raised by tinkering with gold. Professors Warren and Pearson are heard no more in the land. In effect however the French devaluation can be viewed as following the lead of the British and American currency depreciation of five and three years ago. But while America's experiment was a deliberate and voluntary one, the step France has taken is neither; she has simply cracked under the strain of maintaining the franc at a high gold level, with exports falling off to one-third of normal levels and the tourist trade rapidly disappearing.

QUEBEC'S IRON HEEL

ONCE again from Quebec comes a warning symptom of the drift away from democracy. Mr. Duplessis recently told a delegation of French-Canadian mothers, who had come to ask for increased clothing for their children during the winter, that he "would not tolerate for one moment such organizations as the Communists, Socialists or Bolsheviks, no matter what names they may assume". So the brutal tale repeats itself: the people ask for bread, and are given the iron heel. Simultaneously, and obviously not by coincidence, Mgr. Georges Gauthier, Archbishop of Montreal, made an identical attack. Church and State have never been closer in Quebec than they are today, and there is clearly going to be a drive to eradicate all opinions which do not square with the particularly reactionary brand of Catholicism which the Quebec clergy profess. Mr. Duplessis not only allies Socialists

with Communists, he goes even further and indicates that he will not be deceived by the name of the organization. Thus every movement of a progressive nature is made to feel insecure, for the capacity of reactionary leaders to see bombs in every pocket is only too well known. And whereas the late government, Mr. Duplessis added, had not shown the "necessary energy" in years past, the new administration would "use all energy to stop every movement directed against law and order". The late government's tolerance consisted in such things as the smashing of the Noranda strike and the lumberjacks' strike, in the violent attack on the Zynchuck funeral in Montreal, and in the David Act which limits the right of public meeting. Any more repression than has existed in Quebec in the past will indeed be news. To cap the irony, a monster rally was held in Montreal on October 25th, under the Church's auspices, to express sympathy with those redoubtable champions of law and order—the Spanish rebels.

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

THE economic indices reported in our Economic Notes reveal that capital has climbed out of the depression. But a different situation exists in the labour market. The total number on relief remains about 1,000,000. A recent survey by the Toronto Y.M.C.A. shows 11 percent of Toronto's youth unemployed. Miss Charlotte Whitton, in one of her special articles in the Financial Post, puts the unemployed youth of the whole country at about 400,000. Of those on relief last March, over 40 percent were between 16 and 30 years of age, and 10 percent had never been employed. Perhaps 25,000 of the families on relief were in homes where the parents were under 30 years of age.

Miss Whitton draws attention to another ominous aspect of relief statistics. In twelve representative Ontario cities, 45 percent of the relief recipients had been unemployed for two years or more; in three Nova Scotia cities, 59 percent; in British Columbia, 70 percent; in St. John, New Brunswick, 54 percent. According to another reliable report, the number on relief in St. John is as large as at the worst of the depression. This is the moment New Brunswick's Liberal premier chooses to stop the provincial contribution to relief, throwing the whole burden on the municipalities, and—adding insult to injury—to make a lyric speech in praise of "individual initiative"!

RELIEF STANDARDS

THE tale of economy at the poor's expense does not stop with New Brunswick. About four years ago the administration of relief in Ottawa was placed under the department of Public Welfare. A thoroughly experienced social worker was appointed as supervisor. Through careful selection and training a staff of investigators was built up to administer the system intelligently. Last April however a rise in the tax rate was blamed by a hard-pressed City Council on extravagant and inefficient relief administration—extravagant and inefficient because it was run on social service lines. A number of policemen were engaged to investigate all people on relief. Authoritative figures issued

by the Canadian Welfare Council showed conclusively that the number of people who went off relief during the period of investigation could be accounted for by the usual seasonal "turnover", and was indeed less than the corresponding average of previous years. The Council, undaunted by facts, finally decided that women were ineffective in the administration of relief and some forty women, who had given years of loyal and efficient service, were let out. The experienced supervisor was practically compelled by the circumstances to resign. Such instances are not isolated; they herald a drive towards a general cutting down of relief standards. In Toronto there would seem to be the beginning of a move to economize in other fields of social aid, in the care of neglected and dependent children and unmarried mothers. In other centres similar situations are developing. Sound methods of work are being sacrificed to save a few dollars—a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy. Such actions can have only one effect, the further degradation of the people at whose expense the taxpayer is now saving a few mills. Their character will become increasingly demoralized and greater social and financial liabilities will accumulate for the future.

WORKLESS WOMEN

RE-ESTABLISHMENT of more than 188,000 unemployed women is planned by the National Employment Commission, says a press despatch. The problem they have before them is peculiarly difficult, in that these women must be placed in jobs without displacing men. To add to the difficulty 144,000 are on farms, while 8,550 are over 30 years of age and present, in the words of the despatch, a "difficult problem". In plain language they are probably unemployable. No doubt an effort will be made to train many of them as domestics. Trained domestics would indeed be a boon—but can jobs be found at reasonably adequate wages, or will this new supply serve only to force down already disgracefully low wage levels? Many again will be teachers and nurses. While their skills deteriorate on relief, school classes are still swollen and the sick inadequately cared for. Will the commission work out projects by which, through the use of public relief money, these now wasted skills may be used for the public good? This has been done with considerable success in the U.S.A. In the meantime what is being done to provide these women with decent food, clothing, and shelter? What is being done to give them some socially sound recreational outlets? What is being done to maintain their physique, skills, and morale, so that when work is found for them they will be in a position to perform it acceptably? Especially what is being done for those older women who will probably never be able to find a place in industry again? The aspirations of the commission are admirable, but those who face another winter of relief cannot live on aspirations.

RICH MAN'S HOBBY

THE passing of the ownership of the Globe from the Jaffray family will presumably mean that its editorial support of fundamentalist Christianity will pass too. What else it will mean remains obscure. Its new financial backer, Mr. H. W. Wright, is

an Ontario mining magnate who revealed his social sympathies some months ago by allowing a report to be circulated that he intended to leave Canada to escape Canadian taxation. He actually sold some of his racehorses, and we hope that the animals found a good home. Its new president, Mr. C. G. McCullagh, served an apprenticeship in the paper's financial department, which assisted him to a rapid rise in mining and stockbroking circles. His financial success and, we suspect, his devotion to the liberal cause in the province have provided him with a seat on the board of governors of Toronto University. Such records do not suggest that the Globe is likely to suffer any sea change in its editorial bias. It has for years pursued a policy of red-baiting and intolerance towards all progressive thought and action which has made its liberalism seem purely a matter of form. Mr. McCullagh, it is true, has announced two new policies. The Globe is to feature the race track material which its former owner was too pure to print, and, in keeping presumably with this gambling spirit, mining news is to receive increased coverage. Neither seems quite relevant to the task of making the Globe once more into a great daily newspaper, catholic in taste and liberal in outlook. We can only hope that the new proprietors cherish latent ambitions which they have been too modest to express—but our hope is faint.

BOOK FAIR

TORONTO, which has sought for many years to uplift Ontario through its National Exhibition, is soon to uplift it still further through a National Book Fair. This is being organized through the Association of Canadian Bookmen and is to be held from Nov. 9 to 14 at the King Edward Hotel. Besides the various publishers' exhibits, there will be twelve educational and institutional sections, which are to include rare and current Canadiana, children's books, fine bindings, rare bibles, finely illustrated books, and an exhibit of the history of printing. An English film, directed by Paul Rotha, entitled "Cover to Cover", illustrating the history of book-making from the earliest times to the present, will be shown. Admittance costs a quarter, or a dollar for the week, while admission is free to the High Schools and Collegiates between eleven and noon and all day Saturday. The experiment is an interesting one and we wish it success.



Minority Rights in Russia

L. S. STAVRIANOS

NOW that the Soviet nationality policy has been in effect some twenty years,* it is possible to analyse its theoretical basis and practical application with some degree of precision and objectivity. In view of the menace arising from the wave of militant nationalism now sweeping the world, this attempt of the Soviets to eliminate the concept of national patriotism is of vital significance.

The theories of the Bolsheviks regarding the subject races had been formulated long before their accession to power. Karl Marx had laid down the general thesis that the problem of national rights is a part of, and subordinate to, the fight for socialism. The nationalist aspirations of the peoples were therefore to be utilized for the attainment of the proletarian revolution, after which the class concept would take the place of the national. These views are reflected in the resolutions passed by the Bolshevik Party in the pre-revolution period. At the fugitive conference held in London in 1903, a resolution was adopted providing for the "complete right of self determination of all nations." Similarly, in April, 1917, the Russian Social Democratic Party, at a congress in Petrograd, took the stand that "All nations included in Russia must have the right of free separation therefrom and the right to form free and independent states." But it went on to add that "only the recognition by the proletariat of the rights of nations to secede will secure a solidarity of workers of different nations and will promote the actual democratic unification of nations." This apparently contradictory resolution reveals the Communist definition of self-determination. In Communist political philosophy the struggle of the oppressed peoples for emancipation is merely a subordinate part of the general fight for socialism, so that the right to self-determination is automatically annulled when it conflicts with the supreme purpose of achieving the new social order. This conception of national self-determination and cultural development within the Communist sphere of things forms the basis of the Soviet policies to the present day.

With the seizure of power in November, 1917, the way was clear for the application of these theories. In the first place, absolute legal equality was established among the different races of the Union. All nationalities are equally represented in the Council of Nationalities, a body which sits simultaneously with the All-Union Soviet Executive Committee and which possesses equal rights with the latter body as a legislative chamber. Some writers have intimated that this legal equality of the races is more theoret-

ical than real in view of the largely Russian composition of the civil service of the various republics. There is some truth in this charge for, although the highest public officials of the autonomous republics almost invariably belong to the dominant nationalities of the individual republics, yet the state employees in the smaller and more backward of the national republics are still to a large extent Russian. This, however, is due to the fact that there are not enough educated natives to staff effectively the public services. A serious effort is being made to overcome this educational handicap by creating new elementary and higher schools, and by setting aside a certain number of places in the state universities and technical schools for students of the minor nationalities. Near Leningrad, for example, there is an interesting "Rabfac" or special preparatory school for students picked out from some of the small tribes of eastern and northern Siberia, and in Moscow there is the University of the Toilers of the East where seven hundred students, mostly from Central Asia and the Caucasus, are passing through a four-year course of political and general education.

To give reality to this doctrine of legal equality the Soviet Government has endeavored to eliminate the economic disparity prevailing among the constituent nationalities. The Tsarist centralisation of industry around Moscow and Petrograd and the treatment of the outlying territories as colonies within the empire has been abandoned in favor of deliberate decentralisation. New transport routes such as the Turksib line connecting Turkestan with Siberia have opened up territories hitherto inaccessible. In the Ural region are to be found today Russia's largest steel plant, its largest chemical factory, largest copper smelter and largest heavy tractor plant. In Turkestan raw cotton is no longer shipped to the central provinces, but is being spun in large mills erected at Ferghana and Ashabad. As for the future, the second five-year plan provides that the eastern section of the country (Siberia, the Ural territory, Kazakhstan and Central Asia) is to produce, by 1937, a third of Russia's pig iron as against a fourth in 1932; a fifth of the electrical energy as against 6.5 per cent. in 1932, and a tenth of the machinery as against a twentieth in 1932.

Soviet Russia has attempted not only to modernize the economy of the backward races, but also to redress the wrongs done them by the old regime. The shameless land grabbing has been ended, and the native beys and manaks, as well as the Russian kulaks, have been forced to surrender holdings exceeding a prescribed maximum. In Kazakhstan and the Kirghiz Republic land reforms were carried out in 1921 and 1924 respectively, by which tens of thousands of acres occupied by Russian settlers were restored to the natives. In the other Central Asian republics the situation remained unchanged until the end of 1925, since the problem here was not to undo the results of the imperial colonisation policy, but to alter a highly complicated system of

*The best general works on this subject are: Batsell, W.R., *Soviet Rule in Russia* (New York, 1929); Kohn, H., *Nationalism in the Soviet Union* (New York, 1933); Yarmolinsky, A., *The Jews and the Other Nationalities under the Soviets* (New York, 1928); Reynolds, J.H., "Nationalities in the U.S.S.R.", *Geographical Journal*, LXXIII (April, 1929), 370-74.

landownership based on privilege and sanctified by immemorial custom. In 1926, after a prolonged study of the situation, the authorities resolved to carry out a radical land reform in Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan. Nearly sixty thousand families were provided with land obtained from former crown lands, church property, large estates and the newly irrigated regions. Cattle and implements obtained by confiscation or forced purchase were distributed among the farmers on long-term credit, and the newly established holdings were exempted of taxes for a number of years. The reform was carried out successfully, even winning the support of the more liberal elements of the Moslem clergy.

The most striking of the Soviet nationality policies, however, has been the deliberate and planned stimulation of the individual national cultures. As Stalin has put it, "Proletarian culture, far from denying national culture, gives it substance. Conversely, national culture does not deny proletarian culture, but gives it form." In other words, a definite common body of culture is being bestowed on the masses, but through the languages of the various peoples rather than the Russian language, and the culture is not a national or Russian culture but a supra-national, proletarian one.

This principle is strikingly illustrated as one crosses the border from Poland to the Soviet Union. On the Polish side every public sign is in Polish, but on the Soviet side the name of the border station, Nyegorelye, is written in the characters of the four languages, Russian, White Russian, Yiddish, and Polish, corresponding with the four chief races of the region. Similarly, every nationality throughout the Union has the right to use its own language in schools, courts and public business. Normal schools have been established to provide teachers for the various races. Sixteen new alphabets have been created for backward peoples and the movement to substitute Latin for Arabic characters among the races of Central Asia and the Caucasus is making rapid progress. The universities have long been Russian in language and spirit, but they are now being rapidly de-Russified, while new national universities are being established in Georgia, Armenia and the Central Asian republics.

This cultural awakening is not confined to education alone but is evident also in the arts. The Ukrainian theatre is rapidly maturing, the Tartar stage has taken on new life and everywhere an effort is being made to connect theatricals with the native folk-drama. Native art schools, music schools and singing societies have been established, which perpetuate the local balladry. The Academy of Leningrad, founded by Peter the Great, is no longer an exclusively Russian institution, but rather a central agency of research for all the peoples of the Union. Thus, although the creative artist in all fields is cramped by the necessity of toeing the "Party line," yet there can be no doubt of the sweeping cultural development of the various nationalities under Soviet rule.

While the general principles of the Soviet nationality policy are applied all over the Union, they produce varied results in the different parts of the country. In the Ukraine this freedom of national

development has resulted in a thorough Ukrainization of the schools, courts, newspapers and public. This policy has been carried so far that the Russian population of the Ukraine feels itself an unwanted community in an unfriendly country, but it has served to take the wind out of the sails of nationalist anti-Soviet agitators.

Among the Mohammedan peoples the Soviet nationality policy has effected a remarkable transformation. The Tsarist government had refused recognition to their languages and left almost untouched the network of feudal and patriarchal Islamic customs which governed the daily lives of the people. The Soviet Government, however, grants them the free use of their languages, trains and installs as rapidly as possible a native Communist administrative class, and carries on a vigorous crusading onslaught against the traditional Asiatic living habits. The women have laid aside the veil, the buying and selling of brides has been prohibited by decree, the wearing of binding camisoles is now a criminal offense, and severe punishment is meted out to those who persist in the practice of the vendetta. A powerful ferment is now at work among the inert masses of the Soviet east.

The most spectacular success of the Bolsheviks, however, has been attained in dealing with the Jewish problem. Under the Tsarist regime the Jews were forbidden to dwell outside the Pale of Settlement or to buy land and they were never free from the menace of pogroms and mob violence. Under the Soviet Government they now enjoy complete legal equality with the other races and have made remarkable progress in the civil service, in industry, and in agriculture.

In the civil service the Jews are represented out of all proportion to their numbers, a fact which has led to the common insinuation of Jewish domination of the government. The true explanation, however, is to be found in the relatively high percentage of literacy among the Jews and in their earlier and greater participation in the revolutionary movement. More important for the Jews has been their influx into industry and agriculture. Over forty-six per cent. of this former race of middlemen are now industrial workers, and over three hundred thousand of them are hard-working farmers in the Soviet Union. With the aid of the Agro-Joint (the special agency set up by the American-Jewish Joint Distribution Society), most of them have been established in the Ukraine and the Crimea, where they have become the most efficient farmers of their regions with the exception of the Volga Germans. Thus, after centuries of crowding in city ghettos, the Jews are now developing a sturdy peasant class. The story is told of one old Jewish peasant woman who proudly pulled out from under her bed a box of choice hand-salted pork and giggled, "My father was a Rabbi. I don't know what he would say about all these Yiddish swine."

The Soviet Government is also making strong efforts to settle Jewish farmers in the Biro-Bidjan area (in eastern Siberia) which on May 6, 1934, was created a Jewish autonomous region. The settlers are provided with transportation facilities, free land, tax exemption for two years and food until

the harvest is ready. Thus between 1929 and 1935 the sown area increased from 40,000 acres to 95,000, the cattle by 25 per cent. and the hogs by 33 per cent. In addition, 104 schools have been built and a teachers' college, agricultural, medical, mining and metallurgical institutes have been founded. This project, however, is far from being enthusiastically received by all the Jews. The objections raised are that the area is too distant from the Jewish centre in European Russia, that the region is primitive and requires the toughest kind of pioneering, that its proximity to the Japanese frontier renders it open to attack in case of war, and that another Jewish home, the Zionists fear, will deflect Jewish energy from the development of the national home in Palestine.

Finally there remains the problem of ascertaining the success and significance of the Soviet nationality policy. In the early years of the revolution it was widely believed that the thorny nationality problem had been definitely settled. At the Tenth Congress of the Communist Party in 1921 it was confidently stated that "The establishment of the Soviet Power in Russia . . . has broken down the old national hostility . . . and won for the Russian workers the confidence of their brothers not only at home but also in Europe and Asia." Nine years later, however, Stalin found it necessary to denounce the growing "Pan-Russian chauvinism" and "local nationalism." "They do exist, and the important thing is that they are growing. There can be no doubt about that."

The Bolsheviks now state that they are on the right road but that many obstacles will have to be mastered before they reach the end of it. There still remain Russians who view the minor nationalities as "lesser breeds without the law" and who oppose the efforts to develop their cultures and languages. On the other hand, "local nationalism" is preached and promoted by all the elements which for economic or social reasons oppose the dictatorship of the proletariat and aspire to secede from the Union. This is particularly true of the Turco-Tatar and Ukrainian nationalities. Moreover, there is still a good deal of anti-Semitism left in the Soviet Union and cases of maltreatment or persecution of individual Jews are quite often reported in the press and sometimes brought up in the courts for trial.

Despite these limitations there can be no doubt that the Soviet Union has vastly improved the relations between its various races. The government recognizes the multiplicity of peoples and realizes that even after the building of socialism has been completed, they will endure for a long period all over the world. It tries, therefore, to secure peace between the races and to meet their national needs and aspirations, but only insofar as this is compatible with the execution of its socialist program. For the Soviet Government is not Russian but Communist, and it does not seek to Russify the peoples of the Union, but to train them as Communists—as partners in the building up of socialism.

Some observers believe that this policy is losing its international aspects and that a nationalism is developing which will gradually become identical with that of the Western States. That a sense of

pride and loyalty to the Socialist Fatherland is rapidly growing, there can be no doubt. That this feeling is similar to the nationalism characteristic of Western Europe is an erroneous conception. It is rather a non-national, Soviet patriotism. What it may develop into is an open question which the future alone can answer. In the meantime, this effort to substitute international proletarianism for national patriotism is of fundamental importance to the modern world as it represents an attempt to eliminate what has been the primary force in the western state system.

Three Poems

By LEO COX

SHEEP-FOLD

Twilight came to every sheep
In the sheep-fold by the shaw,
And I saw
Each touched with silver into sleep.

Spent at last was all the light
In the wood and on the field,
And was sealed
Every sound in stillest night.

There was one uneasy ram
Dumb with wonder at the wood,
And he stood
Brooding over sheep and lamb. . . .

Dimly in him something moved;
With rude dreams his eyes were full.
Silver of wool
Was he, and golden-hooved.

THE GULLS OF BONAVENTURE ISLAND

A magic moves us from the Gaspé shore;
Sea green and silver melt our trembling hull
And we are guided by a golden gull,
And disembodied, are a ship no more,
Ready for Bonaventure's Isle; here sweep
Grey mists of gannets home from sea and skies
Shaking their world with urgent, aching cries,
Settling the cliffs with snowy fields of sleep.

And like some cosmic wanderer in space
Discovering Earth, we pause and turn away
Into the night, leaving a lonely race
Clinging to life with what small hope it may
Of conquering the silence of the stones
Beneath a thousand centuries of bones. . . .

MAN AND CAT

There came a man at dusk
Along the lane;
The air was rich with musk
Of August grain.

Stirred with the night they pause—
He and his cat,
(A black shape with white claws),
And there they sat.

A man with his conscience on duty
In the presence of beauty. . . .

Whither Alberta?

WALTER MENTZ

THE noise and clamor that comes from Alberta is not the creation of people engaged in the building of a new social order or even the laying of a foundation towards a new order. It comes from frantic, misguided people who are dashing around and shouting in an endeavour to avoid the pressure of finance capitalism. The group in control of the provincial government of Alberta does not understand or refuses to recognize the first principles of capitalism. They scorn the socialist analysis that the stupidity of want in the midst of plenty is due to private ownership of the means of wealth production. In their opinion the lender or the financier is the culprit and interest is the cause of our economic dislocation. Their outlook is that of narrow individualism. The leader of the government of Alberta and his obedient followers deny most emphatically the necessity for collective ownership of the means of life.

All their actions since they were elected to administer our province can be described in one word—muddling. They rode into office on the slogan "Abolish poverty in the midst of plenty" and on the promise to provide every bona fide citizen of Alberta with a social dividend of at least \$25.00 per month. Clever, but unscrupulous, propaganda mingled with a religious appeal had stirred a worried and ignorant electorate to the point of hysteria over the theory that a few mysterious adjustments of the financial mechanism would set everybody on Easy Street without disturbing the present property relationship.

Twelve months of Social Credit muddling have not made any improvement in the standard of living of the industrial or agricultural sections of the province. Social dividends are just as much a myth now as they were a year ago. The promised public works program did not materialize. Large sections of the province are dried out and thousands of farmers are facing a most distressful winter.

It was evident during the summer that talk was wearing off and something had to be done to keep the Social Credit pot a-boiling. A special session of the legislature was convened in August to bring down radical legislation dealing with private debts and to introduce measures calculated to bring on the promised dividends. In addition, a diversion was started by calling for the voluntary registration of bona fide citizens and the signing of covenants to "co-operate" with the government in bringing about the use of the mysterious "Alberta credit". Only those registering and signing covenants are to receive dividends. This was linked up with a Social Credit publicity drive by radio and public meetings.

The special session resulted in the most daring debt legislation ever attempted by a provincial government and for the time being it has made the Social Credit government ace-high with a certain section of property owners among the agricultural as well as the urban population. Eastern financial

interests thought they were badly done by when the U.F.A. government passed the Agricultural Stabilization Act of 1935, which provided for the needs of the farmer before his creditors could collect their due. It was never proclaimed, but was held as a club over the heads of such persistent creditors as were ready to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. Financial "Big Shots" never forgave the Farmer administration for that Act and did their share in defeating it.

The recent debt legislation was no mere threat. This shell really exploded. The Reduction and Settlement of Debts Act divides private debts into two classes and provides for the reduction of both. On "old debts" which are defined to mean debts contracted before July 1, 1932, the amount recoverable is the amount outstanding July 1, 1932, with any advances made since that date, reduced by any payments made since July 1, 1932, whether on account of principal or interest. The balance then remaining is payable without interest in ten annual instalments, commencing November 15, 1937. The first three instalments are 5% of the principal, the four next 10% and the last three 15%. On debts contracted since July 1st, 1932, only simple interest may be charged and the maximum rate collectible is 5%. Any interest payments already made in excess of 5% are to be deducted from the principal. No payment is due in 1936 on any debt.

Another act extends the provisions of the Debt Adjustment Act to July 1, 1936, and bars appeals from decisions of the Debt Adjustment Board.

The Municipal Securities Interest Act, passed but not proclaimed, prohibits municipalities from collecting taxes to pay more than 3% interest on securities.

All of which sounds simple when you say it fast but undoubtedly creates a headache for those who are used to holding a bag under the spout of a threshing machine. Talk about throwing a monkey wrench into the financial mechanism! It is going to take some time to estimate the effects on the economic life of Alberta. To anyone conversant with the B.N.A. Act this debt legislation is a grand bluff. The right to deal with interest rates is undoubtedly the prerogative of the Federal government. The interesting point is: can Ottawa afford to challenge this Act? Can it afford to make a martyr of Premier Aberhart? The Federal government knows it is a bluff, but supposing the bluff is not called? If the Alberta government is permitted to reduce or to abolish interest, there will be pressure in other provinces for similar action. At present it seems that the Federal government is not going to challenge the trespass. Ottawa policy seems to be to give Premier Aberhart plenty of rope to make his political noose.

This, however, is not the most important aspect to those who are concerned with the advent of socialism in Canada. We are more concerned with

the economic and financial disturbance that such legislation is creating in the lives of those who live by the sale of the labor power. We must bear in mind that no miracle occurred when the Lieutenant-Governor gave his assent to this legislation. Those who own and control the tools of production are still the masters of those who hire out for wages, and the price which the farmer receives for his raw products is still governed by the same factors that operated the day before such assent.

The provincial government by its arbitrary action has severed its relations with those who own and control the surpluses needed for capital expenditure but it has no new sources of capital to draw on. From now on, it must paddle its own canoe. It must balance its budget and finance any public works program with the revenue accruing from provincial taxation. This means that capital development will be extremely limited. No large projects of road building or public enterprise can be carried on without additional heavy taxation and the chances of absorbing the unemployed on the government payrolls are pretty slim. Private enterprise is obviously going to be curtailed, because of government interference with the wages of capital. All this must affect the labor market of the province and undoubtedly times will be harder for those who depend on work for a living.

Greater demands will be made upon the Government for unemployment relief and vital social services, and the balancing of the provincial budget will be a real problem. When sinking funds are exhausted new taxes will have to be levied which will further reduce the limited purchasing power of the people.

Those who have been relieved from paying interest on their obligations will have some money to spend, but they will buy agricultural equipment and consumers' goods made in Eastern factories. The actual beneficiaries of the Debt Settlement Act will be largely agricultural. The great mass of industrial workers, poor farmers and unemployed, never have had enough credit with money-lenders to contract obligations. They are property-less, homeless and free of debt and obligations. Any improvement in their living standards can come only through increased sales of labor power, higher rates of pay or greater unemployment allowances. There is also a considerable number of small creditors, retired farmers and the like, whose modest incomes depend on collections from property disposed of under agreement for sale and so on. Many of them will become government charges, because their incomes will be wiped out.

Undoubtedly the government has succeeded by this debt legislation in rallying large numbers of people who were becoming hostile to the administration. It has had a hypodermic effect on the public. But the general result of this meddling with the financial mechanism of the capitalist economy in Alberta has been very disturbing. Private investors are retrenching. Capital expenditures on new plants, housing and other improvements, are at a minimum. Recent official figures show an increase of 37% in the number of unemployed and the cost of living is rising. Municipal budgets are heavily

embarrassed by increased relief expenditures and further increases in the number of unemployed are inevitable in the face of the general financial uncertainty and the curtailment of capital expenditures by the government.

Poverty has not been abolished in Alberta. The Social Credit administration has so far brought the workers only a marked reduction in their standard of living. It has shown clearly the futility of trying to reform capitalism by meddling with the financial setup, and socialists might well take the lesson to heart. In drawing up provincial platforms socialists must bear in mind that financial reform should be left to the Federal government. The function of a provincial socialist government would be to alleviate the distress caused by the capitalist system while developing an intelligent electorate which would see to it that enough socialists were sent to Ottawa to form a Federal socialist government.

While it is obliged to administer the capitalist setup, a provincial government should not meddle with the financial mechanism provided under that system, but should make use of it for the purpose of releasing private surpluses to build social assets. The policy of a provincial administration should not be to stop borrowing, in the belief that this would put capitalism on a "sound basis". There is no sound basis under capitalism for wage earners. It is useless to talk of "social" credit under private ownership. All credit under capitalism is private credit. It is made up of nothing more or less than surplus values accumulated from the exploitation of labor. The only way in which a capitalist government can provide a measure of prosperity for those who live by the sale of their labor power is to increase sales of labor time. In order to do this, it must borrow private surpluses at market terms and use them in creating the social assets that provide the social surplus.

Perhaps the Scandinavian method is as good an example as any. In those countries, capitalism has been undermined and economic distress reduced by the government utilizing private credit. Federal and municipal governments, as well as co-operatives, are engaging intelligently in the production and distribution of social wealth and in the creation of social assets. By this method unemployment has been reduced to a minimum and social services have been tremendously increased. When the people of the Scandinavian countries decide to establish a co-operative commonwealth and to abolish production for profit, they will find solid footing on which to lay the foundations of collective life.

A government can break with the present financial setup only when it is prepared to socialize the privately owned tools of production used to create private surpluses. Then it will have its own sources of capital and may draw on them for the distribution of social benefits. The Social Credit government of Alberta has thrown a monkey wrench into the financial mechanism of the capitalist economy and the working people of Alberta must pay for it in reduced standards of living and increased taxation. Let those who are concerned in securing a socialist administration in other provinces take care that they do not follow the same illusion of provincial financial reform.



LAWN MOWER

By Bertram Brooker

November, 1936.

Canadian Churches and the Last War

JOHN FAIRFAX

THE Christian Church never supports War—it only supports wars. It is not a war monger—except in war-time.

Of course, individual clerics can always be found who will harmonize war with Christian principles. Only recently the Rev. Captain N. M. Plummer of Calgary declared: "The Master himself predicted wars. . . . What would our pacifists say if, for instance, our beloved King, or any of the esteemed Royal Family, were insulted or (God forbid) killed by a foreign power? Would Canada sit back and leave the Mother Country to avenge such a wrong by herself, unaided? The thought is untenable. . . . I have no fear that Canada's youth will be found wanting when the call comes, and they will go forth as bravely as before—with the Church's blessing." (1)

And the Rev. Beverley Kitchen of Hamilton is equally positive. "I have no sympathy with a spineless pacifism that forgets our Canadian obligations to the Motherland. . . . Nothing can be more foreign to the spirit and principles of Him who taught us to 'bear one another's burdens'." (2)

Nevertheless, the position of the Christian churches as a whole is today definitely anti-war—as anti-war as it was, for instance, in the early months of 1914. Peace societies in Canada were quite active in those months, and on January 21st Dr. W. W. Andrews of the University of Saskatchewan stated in *The Christian Guardian*, organ of the Methodist Church in Canada, that "a study of conditions" had brought him to the conclusion that "there was never a time when the forces compelling to peace were so strong." On February 4th *The Guardian* said editorially: "The time is almost here when war and the crushing burdens of war will have become a thing of the past, and the world will at last be free from a well-nigh intolerable burden."

It is worth recalling, therefore, what part the churches of Canada played in the conflict of 1914-18.

Canada had no sooner entered the war than Dr. Albert Carman and Dr. S. D. Chown, general superintendents of the Methodist Church, issued a call to prayer with the statement that the Empire "has her quarrel just". (3) *The Presbyterian* (Aug. 8) declared the responsibility for the war to be placed with justice on the German Emperor. *The Canadian Baptist* said: "It is our war, not Britain's alone". *The Catholic Register* said: "Germany is our enemy and we must do all we can to conquer her." Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal declared in a sermon: "Great Britain has been dragged into it in spite of herself. . . . It is therefore our duty and everyone's

duty to give England our loyal and hearty support . . . for both religion and love of country demand it." Rev. Dr. F. B. DuVal, leading Presbyterian divine of Winnipeg, said: "There comes a time when war is a duty you cannot shirk. Great Britain's honor was at stake, her safety was at stake."

By the end of 1914, when Canada had sent 32,000 men overseas and the forces of propaganda had really got to work, the first timid avowals of the Church had swelled to a thunderous chorus.

It is true there were a few dissenters, whose voices were heard before the year 1915 was out. Dr. Salem Bland stated in Winnipeg on March 4th that the war had proved Christianity a failure. Rev. C. S. Eby, at Saskatoon on July 7th, asserted that "the trend is now towards an understanding and an application of the positive principles of the Prince of Peace to human affairs . . . based on brotherhood and not on selfish competition, secret diplomacy, defiance and preparation for mutual and boundless slaughter." But these voices were still and small indeed in the rising volume of warlike cries that rose from the churches. The war had become a "holy" war.

On January 3 Archbishop McNeil of Toronto said: "When we come to causes, then I am prepared to defend the cause of right, the cause of Belgium and Britain, with my life." On the same day, in Vancouver, Archbishop Casey issued a letter to all churches, proclaiming that "we are filled with the comforting consciousness that we have no responsibility to bear for the beginning of this dreadful scourge . . . that we are engaged in an honorable struggle for right and justice and . . . for Christian civilization." The Anglican Bishop Richardson of Fredericton, in a pastoral charge on February 2, declared: "If men are to rejoice in these deeds of valor, they must be prepared to share in the sacrifice. . . . The question then for every man should be: 'Is there any reason why I should not offer myself'."

On June 4th Rev. S. D. Chown, general superintendent of the Methodist Church, addressing the Hamilton Conference, declared: "The principles of religion dominated every phase of the British Government's action. All Methodists should rally to the standard of their creed and stand four-square to the wind." On the same day the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Toronto, passed the following resolution, presented by Rev. Dr. D. M. Gordon and Rev. Dr. W. F. Herridge: "We consider that the precipitation of this conflict has been a crime against humanity, and that the force which is arrayed against us in ruthless and savage warfare threatens the progress of Christianity and the very existence of civilization. . . . We gratefully recognize the heroism and self-sacrifice of our soldiers, who have maintained in battle the traditions of our race. We urgently appeal to the members of the Church and to all our fellow citizens to count no service too difficult nor any sacrifice too

(1) *The Chatelaine*, October, 1936, p. 22.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 84.

(3) This and the other statements quoted in this article will be found in *The Canadian Annual Review* for 1914, 1915 and 1916.

great that may be necessary to secure final victory to our army."

In Toronto on June 27th Rev. Dr. W. H. Hincks told his congregation: "Sentimental pacifism has gone and Canada has had a lesson in self-reliance." In St. John on July 5th Rev. J. J. McCaskill adjured an audience: "Let us arm for mortal combat. Humanity and civilization are struggling to beat their way back from the gates of hell . . . let us bear ourselves that the opposed may be aware of our prowess. Let us emerge from this conflict strengthened, purified, re-inspired." On July 23rd the Toronto Ministerial Association issued an appeal proclaiming: "It is the solemn duty of every Christian pulpit in Canada to create an atmosphere in which recruiting will be easy."

With a vehemence that grew with each succeeding month, the churches bent their backs to the task of putting more Canadians into uniform.

On August 1st Rev. Principal Lloyd of Saskatoon, speaking from the pulpit, declared that Canada should send 500,000 instead of 150,000 men. He denounced "the selfish, mean, contemptible creature who says that the war has nothing to do with him—the man who would enjoy all the blessings and benefits of our flag, our honor, our peace, our law, and everything else, and would not realize that he has any duty to perform in this time of stress. God grant," he prayed, "that the country does not grow many such." On the same day Bishop McAdam Harding of Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, issued a pastoral letter in which he said: "Never did men train and arm themselves in a more sacred cause."

On Sunday, September 19th, Bishop de Pencier of New Westminster, addressed a recruiting meeting. "We have raised 160,000 men," he said, "thousands of our best have shed their blood in Flanders—but what is that compared with what they have done in the Old Land? . . . We must keep on and on till the cry comes, 'We have enough'." The following Sunday, the 26th, 3,000 miles away on Canada's other seaboard at St. John, Rev. Dr. J. A. Morison addressed a similar meeting. "Tonight I call for recruits," he cried, "for men who are not afraid to buckle on their armor and go out and destroy this, the greatest enemy that has ever lifted itself up against all that makes our lives here on earth worth while." He urged that maps of the war be supplied at schools, and that the story of the war from day to day take the place of the history lesson.

The Maritime Provinces Synod of the Anglican Church, on October 27th, passed the following resolution: "That we affirm our belief in the righteousness of our cause . . . believe (peace) can only be secured by utterly crushing German militarism and bringing to justice the perpetrators of those crimes and atrocities which have blackened the pages of history and shocked the moral sense of the world . . . cannot impress too deeply upon our people the urgent immediate need of every available man enlisting and of our mothers and wives continuing their sacrifice."

On October 25th, at London, Bishop Fallon, in a recruiting speech, stated that he had "no sympathy at all with the mothers who are hanging on to the

coat-tails of their sons nor with the wives who are clinging to their husbands."

Alarmed at the slow response to such appeals in the West, the Winnipeg Methodist ministers sent a message to the Prime Minister at Ottawa on October 26th, declaring that: "A much more extensive and vigorous recruiting propaganda should be instituted, and towards this propaganda the Association begs to assure the Government of its fullest and warmest support and co-operation."

From time to time a note of anxiety as to the moral and spiritual welfare of the men at the front rose above the strident tones of ecclesiastical recruiting speeches. In November, 1915, Mgr. and Hon. Major A. E. Burke, D.D., in an interview in London, said: "Tell our people in Canada not to worry about their sons being without priests. We have now on the battle line every priest to whom we are entitled." Rev. Albert Carman appealed for help against the liquor traffic in order to aid in "this fierce struggle for life." The House of Bishops at Fort William declared that members of the church "should abstain entirely from the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages during the war and should refrain absolutely from treating others."

On June 14th the Toronto Conference of the Methodist Church urged that no tobacco in any form be sent to the soldiers at the front, declaring that "we fear the results from the wholesale manner in which response is being made to the pressure of certain interests in sending tobacco and kindred supplies to the soldiers, knowing that many whose lips were pure before have been led to the habit, which otherwise might have been avoided."

The Canadian Bible Society, it is true, had been supplying the soldiers with small copies of the New Testament; by 1917 the number thus given out had exceeded 300,000. Records do not show to what use these were put; but in August, 1915, a cheering message came to Canadian Methodists from the British Wesleyan Conference, which declared: "There has been a deep and gracious influence on the men at the front which has led them to pray and seek after spiritual things."

Nothing more graphically illustrates the height of ferocity reached by the end of 1915 than the debate in the Anglican General Synod in Toronto on Sept. 16, over the 2nd verse of "God Save the King". The Synod of Huron had asked that this verse—the one that asks God to scatter the King's enemies, confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks—be restored to the hymnal. The motion was rejected by a vote of 89 to 72.

This drew a letter from Archdeacon Milbank of Freehold, New Jersey, who asked: "Are you going in for rose-water religion when your lads are being mowed down by the world's enemy? The Church in Canada is getting too soft to ask the Lord God for what it wants in good honest English. Oh! to be in a Canadian pulpit next Sunday for one hour with one's gloves off." The House of Bishops promptly passed a resolution declaring that "in time of war and tumult this verse may with perfect propriety be used in the churches," and this was endorsed by a large majority of the Lower House, reversing the previous decision.

At the same time Bishop Bidwell wrote to the

press to remind the public that "up to quite recently more than 50 per cent. of those offering for service were members of the Church of England—more than all the rest of the other religious bodies put together."

During 1916, to quote the Canadian Annual Review for that year, "many of the best and most earnest recruiting speakers were ministers."

On January 2nd Rev. J. J. O'Gorman of Ottawa told his congregation: "For a man to shirk what is evident to him as his manifest duty, and through selfishness to refuse to enlist, is undoubtedly a sin." And on the following Sunday: "A census will be taken of the shirkers of Canada. Every good Catholic in that number will be a scandal to the church." On February 2nd Archbishop Casey of Vancouver stated in a pastoral letter: "Let the command of Judas Maccabaeus be our slogan with victory in sight today: 'Suffer no man to stay behind; but let all come to the battle.'" Bishop Scriven told the British Columbia Synod on February 15th: "It is our duty to pray for victory and to work for it and fight for it."

Rev. Dr. W. J. McKay of Toronto, on January 16th, wrote to the Minister of Militia suggesting that there should be a fighting battalion of Canadian preachers. Rev. W. A. Cameron of Toronto declared: "It has become the supreme duty of every able-bodied single man to equip himself for military service if he desires to hold the title to manhood." On April 11th Rev. C. J. McLaughlin of St. John said: "I am prepared not only to recruit a battalion of the best blood of the youth of these Provinces by the sea, but to lead them in person."

The Presbyterian General Assembly on June 15th urged a military census of Canada. On June 22nd the Winnipeg Synod expressed its willingness "to stand behind the Government in any scheme for the more complete and effectual mobilization of the entire resources of Canada in men and materials." The Congregational Union, on June 9th, called on the Government "to mobilize all men eligible for service, either by registration or conscription or any other method advisable."

It remained for Capt. E. H. Oliver, D.D., principal of Saskatoon Presbyterian College, to epitomize the view of the Canadian churches and Canadian clergy. In a sermon on September 3rd he said: "In this contest, Heaven is not a neutral, Heaven is not too proud to fight."

But why go on? Throughout the remainder of the war the churches and their ministers redoubled their efforts by precept and example to drive Canadian youth into the trenches.

Yet, in reading these exhortations, one thing stands out clear and unmistakable: They were motivated, without exception, by the highest and most intense idealism. This is the thought that should give us pause.

If war comes again, and Canada is asked to participate, it will be an ideal that will drive men once more into the shambles. What will that ideal be? Will it be any more attainable through war than were the ideals which we were supposed to be fighting for in 1914-18, and which are still unrealized?

But be sure of one thing: An ideal will be found. And it will be the business of those who are running the war to see that that ideal is properly "put across."

What will the churches of Canada do in that event? Will they once more set out to "create an atmosphere in which recruiting will be easy?"

O Canada

(\$1.00 will be paid in future for the press clipping published at the head of this column).

* * *

Orillia, Ont., Oct. 14 (CP).—Sterilization of parents on relief who continue to bring children into the world as public charges was advocated at a meeting of the town welfare board here yesterday. —Montreal Star.

* * *

So far I cannot find out whether I am a red or fascist. Some days I seem red. Others I appear to be a fascist.

Letter published in the Toronto Mail & Empire, 14 Oct.

* * *

Capital is a shy bird and does not fly into thickets from which comes the sound of gunfire.

Editorial in The Toronto Daily Star, 7 Oct.

* * *

Multiple Births, Depression, All Explained.

Cosmic Rays and Sun Spots Responsible, Suggests Astronomer.

Headline in the Ottawa Journal, 10 Oct.

* * *

The Church is making her desperate stand against the forces of Communism. Your Church is the only power in the world able to cope with this invention of the devil.—(Father Lesage).

Most of the Young Reds sentenced to death by court martial showed no fear of death but asked to be comforted by priests, Portella stated. Whereupon priests on the rebel side dropped their guns, changed their uniforms for Catholic raiments and officiated. Before the doomed men were lined up before the firing squad, both the reds and the priests wept bitterly and embraced.

Both the above quotations are taken from The Montreal Gazette.

* * *

What democracy, for instance, could have worked and continued to work the economic and financial miracle that the Germans are working today under the magic leadership of Dr. Schacht? They have done better than make bricks without straw—they have spent billions or billions worth without either money or credit.

SHORTAGE OF FOOD IS WORRYING REICH.

Leading editorial 18 Sept., followed by headline 19 Sept., in the Montreal Star.

ECONOMIC NOTES

EUGENE FORSEY

Business Conditions

August indices present at first sight an almost boisterously cheerful picture. Physical volume of business at 113.2 (last year 107.9, on the base of 1926—100), was greater than at any time since May, 1930. Zinc exports and bauxite imports reached post-war peaks. Imports of crude rubber were higher than in any post-war August, gold shipments larger than in any post-war month except March, 1934. Wholesale prices, mainly as a result of short crops, had risen sharply. Employment on September 1 showed a modest gain over last year. Dominion public revenue and expenditure made a much better net showing. (This is true also of the preliminary figures for the first half of the fiscal year).

Only a few figures were below 1935. The decline in iron and steel generally (51.5 from 66.5), steel production (129.7 from 133.5), pig iron (59.9 from 84.5), reflects to some extent at least the relative inactivity of the motor car industry (30.3 this year, 49.9 last). This, in turn, is the result of two factors: smaller exports, and an earlier change-over to new models. Domestic sales of cars were higher than last year, notably so in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Imports of raw wool and wool yarn stood at only 85.7 (148.3 last year), of cotton yarn at 103.1 (123.4 last year). Construction, at 45.8, was far below the 1935 level (66.5); but preliminary figures for September show an increase over both August, 1936, and September, 1935: residential building well above 1935, bridge building vastly greater. The contrast between producers' goods, 95.6 (99.1 last year), and consumers' goods, 126.0 (112.1 last year), is interesting. The decline in the former reflects the fall in iron and steel.

The Financial Post estimates that total revenue from exports of minerals, wheat and flour, and tourist trade this year will be about \$760,000,000. The 1929 figure was \$750,000,000. Wheat and flour will be almost \$60,000,000 below 1929 and only half the peak figure of 1928, but minerals will be about 70 per cent. above 1929.

Pulp and paper production is greater than ever before. Operations are said to be at more than 80 per cent. of effective capacity, and there is talk of a "spot market" for newsprint in the not distant future. As yet, however, prices remain unsatisfactory. The 1937 price f.o.b. Three Rivers will be about \$35.70. This is better than the 1934-1935 all-time low (\$33.20), but decidedly worse than 1929 (\$55.20) or even the pre-war prices (\$38.90 to \$39.40). The financial organization of the industry also still leaves much to be desired. (For further details see Financial Post, September 26).

Agriculture

Prices of farm products, long far below those of manufactures, are rising, and the gap is now relatively narrow. The Winnipeg Free Press estimates the value of this year's grain crop at over \$270,000,000, the largest amount since 1929 (though this is not saying much). Sanford Evans' Statistical Service says purchasing power will be generally, though

very unequally, higher than last year throughout Manitoba, in eastern Saskatchewan and northern Alberta and one section of southern Alberta. This, of course, is in sharp contrast with the severe distress or worse of the drought areas. (For details and map, see Financial Post, September 19).

Corporate Profits

Income tax returns, says the Financial Post, show corporate profits in 1935 30 per cent. higher than in 1934.

An Index of Dividend Payments

The event of the month, indeed of many months or even years, in Canadian economic statistics, is the publication of the Nesbitt, Thomson index of dividend payments. Figures of total payments (all we could get, hitherto), had at least three major disadvantages. First, irregularity of payments: some companies pay monthly, some every four weeks, some quarterly, some semi-annually, some annually, some at no fixed time; besides, there are extra dividends and bonuses. "The result is," as Nesbitt, Thomson put it, "that comparison between monthly figures is impossible and even comparison . . . with the same month of the previous year is apt to be misleading" because of changes in dates of payment. Second, changing control of companies: private companies become "public" or vice versa; dividend figures suddenly become, or suddenly cease to be, available. The same difficulty arises when a Canadian company is completely merged in an American one. Third, holding companies and investment trusts: double counting, often serious, occurs where dividends of a parent company and a subsidiary are added together "without allowance for the amount paid by the subsidiary to the parent."

Only those who have worked over the material will fully realize the difficulties involved in constructing a satisfactory index. Nesbitt, Thomson have chosen "47 companies. . . . The object was to secure adequate diversification by industries and to choose companies representative of Canadian conditions. The list includes, with few exceptions, the largest companies in Canada. The companies selected, except one, were in existence, or their predecessors were in existence, prior to 1926 and all are well established, soundly managed companies." They left out any whose funded debt was more than half the invested capital, or whose "financing was not entirely sound" (it would be interesting to see this term defined). Double counting has been eliminated, stock dividends are excluded, bonuses and extra payments are included. "The monthly figures are arrived at by multiplying the dividend rate of each stock by the number of shares outstanding, striking a total for all the companies," then dividing "by the monthly average for 1926" (the base year). "The index is a three-months moving average. . . . This . . . smooths out the irregularities caused by the differing payment dates."

Some may criticize the index on two grounds: the small number of companies covered, and the exclusion of gold mining. The difficulties presented by the material, however, may well have made a small coverage inevitable; and gold mining is to be dealt with by a special index, to be published soon. This, I think, is wise; for gold mining, as Nesbitt,

Thomson justly observe, is a very special case. Its enormous growth since 1929 is a depression freak. To include gold mining dividends in a general index would distort it.

Comparison of the Canadian index with the Standard Statistics index for 450 United States companies is interesting. "From 1927, the Nesbitt Thomson index advanced considerably faster than the U.S. figures to a peak in 1930. From 1930 to the low point in 1933, the movements were similar but the U.S. figures were quite a bit lower. The subsequent recovery started simultaneously in both coun-

tries but the upward movement has been faster in Canada."

There is no space here for the complete figures, month by month from January, 1926, to September, 1936. From a low point of 98.0 in January, 1926, the index rises, almost continuously to a high of 159.5 in August, 1930. From this it drops steadily to 62.5 in August, 1933, when it begins to rise again. The September, 1936, figure is 110.1, the highest for any September since 1931, and higher than either September, 1926, or 1927. It seems probable that this year's average will be about the same as 1927, that is, about 105 to 110. The 1930 average was about 155.

Correspondence

KNOCK, KNOCK

The Editor, The Canadian Forum,
Sir:

In your October issue, Lord Bessborough's patronage of the Little Theatre movement is referred to as "... encouraging a great many harmless persons who cherish the illusion that they can act because they have never shown any ability to do anything else."

Since this estimate of the Little Theatre movement occurs among your front-page editorial comment one may be justified in assuming it to represent the considered judgment of your Editorial Board. I earnestly hope it does not—for the sake of the Board and for the good of the Forum. The Little Theatre movement will survive in any case.

Frankly the gibe is not up to your usual form. In its bid for cheap applause it betrays that same exhibitionism which it imputes to amateur actors; and one would have expected that a paper managed and written by amateurs to cast a more tolerant eye on a cultural movement of world-wide dimensions which is also run by amateurs. Their technical skill as actors is irrelevant. The movement came into being through the failure of the commercial drama—for reasons in fact closely parallel to those which justify the existence of the Canadian Forum—and the annual Drama Festival has proved the most practical step in fostering a native drama.

Yours faithfully,
SYDNEY B. WATSON.

Trinity College, Toronto,

October 6th.

Sir,—I gladly enclose \$2.00 to renew my subscription to the Canadian Forum. Out of the liberal-pacifist fog which now envelopes the greater part of it, there always emerges some article, or poem or book review that is worth reading. Mr. Louis MacKay's "Battle Hymn for the Spanish Rebels" is worth a whole year's subscription.

I am glad that Mr. E. A. Havelock's allegedly humorous articles no longer appear with such painful regularity; it was almost more than flesh and blood could stand.

With sincere best wishes, I remain,

yours, etc.,
FELIX WALTER.

THE FUTURE OF COMMUNISM

Montreal.

The Editor,
Canadian Forum.

Sir: Mr. Sam Carr has given us the official Communist reply to Professor Havelock. But he has by no means exhausted the subject, and I venture to think there is room also for a non-Communist criticism.

The first requisite for a useful discussion of anything, from any point of view, is to understand what it means. Does Professor Havelock really understand the Communist position?

Communism "might," he says, "be the teachings of one Karl Marx. . . . Or it might be the teachings of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, who believed in a great many things that Marx never thought of. Or it might be what is happening in Russia; but . . . the Russian scene continually shifts; it is dynamic, not static. The Russian government continually adjusts its policy to the needs." Elsewhere he speaks of "the programme of Marx himself, unimproved by Trotsky, Lenin and Stalin".

These statements seem to imply: (1) that Communism is fixed and unchanging; (2) that what is happening in Russia cannot be Communism because it is "dynamic, not static"; (3) that the mere fact that Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin "believed in things that Marx never thought of" proves that they were not good Marxists. Professor Havelock may not have meant to say these things; I hope he did not, for all of them are incorrect. Whatever else Communism may or may not be, it is dialectical, and dialectic necessarily involves development. A dogmatic Communist is a bad Communist. From this it follows that to say that Lenin, for example, "believed in things Marx never thought of" proves nothing; the whole question is, Is Leninism—or for that matter Stalinism or Trotskyism or Havelockism—a true dialectical development of Marxism, or is it not? Page 62 of John Macmurray's "Philosophy of Communism" contains some very pungent observations on this point. It would be interesting to know whether Professor Havelock would apply to Christianity the same criterion that he applies to Marxism. Would he suggest that Socialist Christians are not Christians at all because we believe in a great many things Jesus "never thought of"?

Similarly with "what is happening in Russia". The Soviet Union is certainly not a Communist society. No Communist has ever claimed that it was. But that the

The Canadian Forum

Soviet government "continually adjusts its policy to new needs" is no proof that the policy is un-Communist, rather *prima facie* evidence of the opposite.

"All Socialists today are Marxists", says Professor Havelock. This is interesting; but his article suggests that it bears the same relation to fact as Lord Salisbury's "We are all socialists now."

Professor Havelock's description of "the apparatus of government" in capitalist democracies provides a fair measure of his Marxism: "a central parliament or congress, a trained bureaucracy to execute its orders and collect taxes, a judiciary to enforce its laws". (See Sidney Webb's comments on the British Labour government's experience of the British civil service). "All these are subservient to the will of parliament, just as the latter, or the ruling party in it, may be subservient to the will of the capitalist from time to time. . . . Since the existing bureaucracy and judiciary are trained in the service of parliament they would almost inevitably resist this innovation, and lend support to the existing system of government. Hence the Soviet congress would be compelled to organize a new civil service and law enforcement system, not to mention a new army. This . . . is bound to violate all the established political and social habits of our present system—not merely our capitalist habits but our sense of what is vaguely called law and order. In fact the Soviet method means not merely the expropriation of capitalists but the replacement of the entire existing state machinery, the whole apparatus of government, which can only be done violently." This seems to imply that though we could "expropriate the capitalists without violence", we could not "replace the existing state machinery" without violence; in other words, capitalists won't fight for capitalism but they will for parliamentary democracy. Our "sense of law and order" is not of capitalist law and order but of a sublime, impartial law and order existing in *vacuo*. Is it possible that Professor Havelock is "improving" on Marx? Has he ever read what Marx wrote about the Paris Commune?

The dictatorship of the proletariat, we are further informed, "will be inevitably as dictatorial as any fascist one, though the ultimate aim be far different". Novel doctrine indeed for a "Marxist"! Can Professor Havelock see no difference, not only in ultimate aim, but in immediate concrete substance, between a workers' dictatorship and a capitalists' dictatorship? (A workers' dictatorship would certainly be no picnic, especially for people like Professor Havelock and me, but that is not the point). And where does he get the notion that Soviets would be made up "almost exclusively" of factory workers?

"Is the Soviet system", asks Professor Havelock, "ever likely to compete in efficiency with the government, the cabinet, the bureaucracy either of western democracies or of fascist countries?" To this there are at least two answers. First, "the Soviet system", as it has existed hitherto, is avowedly temporary and is now giving place to a new Soviet system. Second, efficiency is relative to ends. For capitalist purposes, a Soviet system would certainly not be as efficient as parliamentary democracy. The same may well be true for an established socialist system. But for the purpose of carrying through the transition from capitalism to socialism? It does not seem to have struck Professor Havelock that there is something ominous in his remark that "the German revolution of 1918 shook the machinery of government not at all." Precisely. The German Social Democrats, acting on Professor Havelock's theory, left the machinery of government in-

tact. Where is the German revolution now? "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

The precise form of the workers' state in western countries may, and probably will, vary from that adopted in Russia in 1917. But anyone who imagines that a Socialist government anywhere, if it means business, can escape the necessity of reorganizing the civil service and law enforcement system, not to mention the armed forces, is singularly impervious to the lessons of history.

"What", says Professor Havelock in triumphant conclusion, "is the future of Communism, the creed of the Soviets?" I suggest that he read the new Soviet Constitution. He will see that the term "Soviet" (council) is fairly elastic.

EUGENE FORSEY.

The Editor, The Canadian Forum,

Sir:

Neither Mr. Carr's reply to my article in the last issue of the Canadian Forum, nor Mr. Forsey's letter in this, deals with the main thesis of my own article. This, if I may repeat it, was that Workers' and Soldiers' Councils were an ad hoc device adopted by Lenin to cope with a given set of conditions obtaining in Russia in 1917; that such conditions are extremely unlikely to recur in any developed capitalist country, and that indeed Lenin himself had been prepared to apply methods more familiar to Social-Democrats until he saw that such would be inapplicable to the Russian scene: but that nevertheless the policy of the Communist Party ever since has crystallized around the Soviets as a method of revolution: and that this outworn dogma forms the main difference which separates them from socialists today (there are other differences but my article had no space to discuss them); for without the Soviets the dictatorship of the proletariat, as distinct from any other sort of socialist administration, ceases to have any concrete meaning.

For confirmation of my view I would point to Spain, where the failure to control any part of the bureaucracy or the army high command has from the start rendered the struggle bloody, wasteful and futile. No socialist expects to have the machinery of government unanimously on his side. But unless he can win enough of it to secure continuity, socialism remains unattainable; the most one can hope for is to make a desert and call it capitalism liquidated.

Mr. Carr and Mr. Forsey score points against me out of Marxist text books. It is a sham battle and a pathetic one—this battle of books and proof texts. The only communism that has any meaning for me is the communism of the Communist Party. How could any follower of Marx ever have any use for theory divorced from day to day praxis? In the history of the Left since the war, the cowardly caution of the Social-Democrats and the unimaginative stupidity of the Communists about balance each other. It is time that the positions of both were re-examined.

E. A. HAVELOCK.

A REQUEST

The Editor, The Canadian Forum,

Sir:

In order to complete the files of the Canadian Forum now in my possession, I am anxious to obtain copies of the issue for July 1934 and November 1934. I am willing to pay up to fifty cents a copy, and if you have not these copies would you kindly insert this letter in your correspondence column.

F. R. SCOTT.

« Spanish Scene »

ROY DAVIS

(This article is an account by a member of the Young Communist League of his experiences in Spain during the last few weeks).

WE visited Spain at the invitation of the Spanish delegate to the World Youth Congress at Geneva. There were ten of us—a Cuban student, six Americans—two young negroes representing churches, two members of the Socialist Party, one young Communist, and three Canadians, Bill Kashtan, Miss Margaret Crang, and myself. We tried to see what goes on so that we could tell the story of heroic, bleeding Spain to our people.

At Barcelona we were met by a great demonstration organized by the International Red Aid. Thousands of people, mostly youthful, in their blue and khaki denim overalls—the militia uniform of the people's army—crowded the beautiful walks of the Las Ramblas boulevard, jammed street crossings, cheered and saluted us with the clenched fist. They eyed us avidly. We were the first to have come from over the sea to see their work. We stopped at the War Ministry, its windows filled with young people; we paused at the headquarters of the United Young Socialist League. At every stop people approached us and tried to make us understand that they wanted us to carry the truth back to our country.

We marched for over an hour. It seemed much longer because we had not slept since leaving Paris about 30 hours before. But we were affected by the enthusiastic gaiety of the people. We wanted to keep on marching, singing with them, saluting them. We entered Catalonia square. Here, those of us that have been in the working class movement longer were thrilled. Facing us was the long, grey Hotel Colon; we were told later that it was one of the most luxurious hotels in Barcelona. Across its facade, in ten foot letters, we read "the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, Affiliated to the Communist International." We were told later that this party is made up of the Socialist Party of Spain in Catalonia, the Communist Party of Catalonia and the Catalonia Socialist Party. It had only recently united and already was beginning to play a predominant role in the country, although the anarchists were still somewhat stronger.

That evening, at dinner in a sumptuous convent confiscated by the government and now used as a hostel for refugees from Irun and other cities taken by the fascists, we were thrilled by the stories of the struggle of the people. Story followed story—we heard of the defeat of the fascist insurrection in Barcelona when 1,600 lives were lost, we heard of the organization of food supplies by the people, we were told of the heroic storming of the Balearic Islands. Towards the end of the evening discussion waned. Someone at the end of the table spoke up—"Eh, amigos, the stories you tell these foreign comrades do not do justice to these comrades. Let us tell how our people fight and die." A hush fell over our whole group; my neighbor nudges me and tells

me that the speaker has just come from the Lerida front where a terrific battle took place the week before.

"General Mola, as you know, comrades, has given orders that no prisoners are to be taken. One day twenty of our boys fell into his hands. They are terribly wounded, most of them. They do not say a word. They will not betray our positions to the insolent officer threatening them. All they repeat is 'Our men will get you yet'. Then calmly walking up to a nearby wall, they turn and smile defiantly. The firing squad makes ready. Our boys shout 'Long live liberty, down with fascism'. A volley follows. The now forever silent figures fall one by one. A newspaper man, friend of General Mola, witnessing the execution, remarks: 'These fanatics die as heroes'. The officer commanding the firing squad admits that. They are all like that."

We were quite convinced after our few days in Spain that they are all like that.

We drove to Madrid over 600 miles of peaceful highway. People were at work. There was no sign of chaos or disorder. In Madrid we spent most of our time accompanied by representatives of the Young Socialist League of Spain. We spoke to Carillo, the secretary of the Young Socialist League. He asked us how things were going on in our country. Especially he wanted to know whether unity is being achieved here. He said, "The Young Communist League of Spain had 18,000 members, the Young Socialist League 25,000. We have united and in six months we reached 200,000. It is hard to tell how many we have now. New thousands join, but thousands are killed. In Madrid alone 5,000 members of our organization have been killed in the past three weeks."

"We all feel", he continued, "that without a united youth movement we could not defend the republic. We are the most important factor in the militia. All of our leadership is at the front organizing the resistance to the enemy. In the rearguard our members, particularly the girls, lead in the production of uniforms, bandages and other needed supplies."

"Caballero, Prieto, and other socialist leaders admit that because we are united we are an incentive to the unity of the whole people."

He told us that there were still some differences within their ranks as to policy, but they were being overcome. He felt that the youth should be united within one organization and inside of it discuss its different views.

In Valencia we saw an example of the united work of the whole people. We had to get gasoline from the Commission for Supplies. We found that this was made up of representatives of all people's organizations in the city. It assured the proper distribution of food and materials and it kept the industries going.

At dinner at the 13th Regiment, organized by the

Young Socialist League, we discussed the question of workers power. The commander, Segis, told us that there were many doubts at first but now it was quite clear that the main task was the defence of the republic against fascist attack. This was the only way that the whole people could be won against fascism. Only if the struggle was for democracy and freedom would every section of the population do its share. It was necessary to win the poor and middle peasants to the side of the government. The catholic people could not be allowed to be captured by the fascists. Small and even large national-minded business people and especially the intellectuals would support a fight for the republic but not for workers' power as yet. International relationships demanded that the struggle be kept on that plane.

What would happen after the government won? He thought that time would take care of that, but he felt sure that the country would never go back to the system it had before the fascist rebellion.

We spent only ten days in Spain. We had seen the people fight for their ideal. We had seen youth of sixteen to twenty years of age out in the battlefields. We saw the shortage of arms while the fascists received all they wanted from Germany and Italy. We saw German revolvers and shells, and Italian planes that had been brought down. And everywhere we had to answer the same question: "Why does not your government allow the sale of arms to our country where we have a democratic legally elected government?"

On the way out we met a Hindu doctor, who is a member of the British Ambulance Division in Spain. He told us of desperate hours of work, 16 and 20 hours a day. He told us of the terrific toll of death from tetanus poisoning. He said that if we wanted to help save thousands of lives we should raise funds and help buy medicines and milk for the children who were beginning to starve. He told us that their Red Cross unit never uses the Red Cross flag because it is a sure invitation for bombardment by fascist planes.

We saw with our own eyes that the whole people were fighting this war against fascism. If the rebels were able to advance it was because of superior armament received from foreign fascist powers. We felt that the people could not be defeated if our peoples would help Spain with arms and money.

The Church in Overalls

J. W. A. NICHOLSON

AT the General Council of the United Church, which met recently in Ottawa, an intelligent and interested farmer-commissioner to the Council remarked that it seemed to him as if "at last the church was putting off its Sunday clothes and was putting on its overalls." This was early in the session. It is quite possible that before the final meeting some of his optimism had oozed away. The Council made some graceful gestures in the direction of a virile and vigorous democratic brotherhood,—toward regard for the simple, homely, hard-

working "common man" with the smell of the barnyard and the grime of the mine and workshop on his hands. But the total outcome in actual legislation and concrete practice was such as to satisfy even a stand-patter and lover of the status quo.

It is probable that the United Church is as progressive as any of the Canadian churches. That is not saying very much. True, its action in blending three types of ecclesiastical organization, with all that was involved in throwing much rubbish on the scrap-heap, made possible the fashioning of a more adaptable and effective organization. There is no doubt that the jolt caused by union has done something to supple the joints of this new ecclesiastical body, and that here there is promise of a swifter pace toward a more wholesome social order. Within the ecclesiastical order itself this Council took the rather venturesome step of granting to women the privilege of ordination to the ministry on the same terms as to men.

In the United Church as in all our churches there are reactionary as well as progressive members, both lay and clerical. At this council it is hard to say which was in the majority. But the unfortunate thing was that most of the topics that dealt with social issues did not come up for discussion till near the close when many of the clergy had to leave for their often distant pulpits. A second handicap under which the progressive element labors is that the younger men who are much more alert and awake to the demands of modern life and are more eager to bring the power of religion to bear on modern issues, are only meagerly represented at this supreme court of the church. Their day is coming, and so is the doom of the calloused and conscienceless and comfortable middle-class and upper-class laymen and clergymen. Utter it not too loudly, but officials who move in high circles and their pals in those aristocratic regions are notoriously competent in the arts of lobbying and diplomacy. Laboring under all these difficulties, it is gratifying that forward looking programs received as much support as they did.

Hopeful Signs. First, the election of five new General Council officers, none of them over 45 and two of them well under 40, is in itself assurance of a bent toward progressiveness. Again in the one outstanding item on the docket, that of "The Evangelization of Canadian Life," a decided step forward was taken. This was admitted and indeed proclaimed by the pietist stand-patters. The new evangelism is to have its emotional appeal, its passion and energy, directed into the channels of practical social transformation. Following the campaign across Canada (in which the larger denominational bodies are joining), study groups are to be formed "in which the members may seek continually their mutual spiritual enrichment and explore God's will and way for themselves and their community in the practical life of the world." In a word, a revival of religion is to mean social reconstruction. That is a real advance. Even the slow-jogging leaders recognize this.



Let 'em Eat Cake

REBECCA ROUGE

THE distress of Spain, the political convulsions of France, as interpreted by the editors of Harper's Bazaar and Vogue, have far more profound implications than students of political history have yet discovered. With the swift descent of buzzards on carrion the stylists have seized these theatres of unrest and turned them into laboratories of fashion research. No longer will madame climb aboard the tumbril unaware of her destination, for Schiaparelli and Alix and Suzy are going to have her reflect The Situation if she has to wear a silver bullet in her breast for evenings.

In Vogue for October 1st, we read: "Peasants in Rolls-Royces—peasants with painted hands and painted feet, with heads tied up in bright bandanna handkerchiefs. This is Cannes and these peasants—are just women of fashion in the latest disguise!" In the same issue we are told "Vote for: A danger-red top-coat. A liberty cap. A short lamé dinner suit. A demi-bustle. Love birds in your hair. If You're A Radical." It is difficult to trace the sources of these inspirations. It couldn't be La Passionaria. With nice distinction the Laborites are allowed a platform of their own which includes "Fur mittens. A plaid dress. A hand knitted gold evening sweater. Velvet bows in your hair." Capitalists and conservatives are instructed to vote for: "Prince of Wales plumes. A coronation tiara. A bag on a long gold chain." But it isn't suggested that these latter would be charming disguises for peasants.

But Vogue is magnanimous in giving credit where it is due. In the September the 15th number under the caption "Unsung heroes behind the Paris openings", Leon Blum is archly congratulated as "the man who stirred Paris into such political excitement that there wasn't a collection without a touch of the revolutionary in clothes." Further on for a flight from Spain we are warned "The most important part of the street wardrobe is no longer the tailleur . . . it is a large white handkerchief." Out of a maze of whimsy it develops that this is to signal that one is a neutral. "Don't go disguised as part of the proletariat—the Rightists may win the skirmish on the next street corner and you'll be out of luck; don't look like a capitalista either. It's a problem." But "I don't want to mislead you into thinking that during a revolution one is out gadding from class to class every minute, dodging from pillar to post. . . . There are times when the shooting dies down a bit . . ." then you can inquire after your friends and maybe arrange a little, surreptitious dinner party. To while away the time during a revolution, especially one that is growing as tedious as that in Spain, such pastimes as "reading out loud anything from Dracula to Winnie-the-Pooh; playing handies; making up crossword puzzles for each other to do" are suggested.

Back to Paris on August the 15th with Vogue, Marcel Vertés tells us about "Dinner at Monsieur and Madame Noblesse's. Not dressing is underlined on the invitations . . . a new député from the Ex-

treme Left. He and the butler are the only two in evening clothes." Perhaps they are also the only two who have nothing to lose. "Madame is ravishing in a dress from Schiaparelli; a cotton print imitating a patchwork quilt . . . such as you see on the beds of peasants. This fabric was designed before the victory of the Front Populaire . . . proof that artists are often ahead of the times. Ten cent cigars are smoked and a Marquise speaks of Stalin by his first name." Now that is something. Benito and Adolf, yes. But Stalin's first name would tax the powers of most of the intellectuals I know.

With September, Harper's Bazaar bows to the times with "The tweed evening coat: closed on the ominous streets . . . and open in the drawing room to show magnificent, embroidered lapels." Extravagantly they assure us that cables from France to America are congested and hum "with the exciting news of the first fall hats." Bleakly we are forewarned that black is to be the colour . . . "The black of the mobs . . . the black lace mantillas of ravaged Spain."

Again from Harper's Bazaar: "In Paris—St. Germain-l'Auxerrois is equipped with four sirens ready to emit eerie warnings in case of danger . . . a sign at Elizabeth Arden's entrance instructs the passer-by how to save her face during air raids . . . ladies chew Doriot mints sentimentally for Jacques Doriot, head of the Parti Populaire Français . . . two of the leading Paris dressmakers state confidentially that they are going to move to America temporarily if the Communists triumph in Spain. . . ." And where will they move after America?

What conclusions are to be drawn from the above excerpts are too obvious to need any underlining. But it would be interesting to know how widespread this mass class-unconsciousness is. The technical perfection of these two smooth paper magazines, their amazingly beautiful format and plethora of advertising would suggest that their combined circulation is a staggering figure. Appalling, then, is the inevitable surmise: how many women, in whose persons are concentrated the wealth and influence of two continents, receive the bulk of their cultural diet from these witless and sinister sources. That they preach reaction and selfishness was patent long before this. But to a reformed bourgeoisie who has clung somewhat pathetically to the conviction that the haut monde had at least the courage of arrogance, the reticence of security, miserable as such virtues may be, the spectacle of these smirking subterfuges, of the crass insensate vulgarity of these observations, is shocking.



Streamline and Sales Appeal

HUMPHREY CARVER

It may be with a sneer that from the rough and tumble of this century we look back upon the superficiality of the Eighteenth, when style was of more account than sincerity. At the same time we cannot help having a sneaking envy for that air of quality which no subsequent period has been able to achieve. The proportions of Georgian architecture, the grace of Chippendale's furniture and the elegance of the Adams' decoration continue to be imitated.

The Eighteenth century may be remarkable for the quality of its style, but our own period may congratulate itself on the quantity that it is producing. Styles come and are gone again with unaccountable hastiness; hardly has the eye become attuned to the exotic proportions of Moderne when Neo-Classic is projected upon us with a character scarcely distinguishable from Neo-Grec; for a brief season we are permitted to cultivate a princely Empire taste, coquetting on red plush divans, before we are put back into tweed pants and sat upon Art-and Crafty benches; then with a nostalgic glimpse at mediaeval England (which fades imperceptibly into classical Greece) we find ourselves slipping with nightmarish momentum into the Streamlined Style. While still in full streamlined career we receive an ugly glancing blow from the Surrealists, as we timidly approach the stylistic labyrinths of 1937.

Those who aspire to lead a stylish life have indeed been born into a difficult century. Other periods were less fickle, and although a few exalted persons of the Eighteenth century may have dabbled in Chinoiserie, yet in that and in previous periods it was possible to pursue some kind of consistency in one's taste. The apparent ease which distinguishes the Eighteenth century's perfection of style was, of course, not achieved without study; we are told that the proportions of the Ionic, Corinthian and Doric Orders were matters of no less concern to the perfect gentleman than the points of a good mount and the bouquet of an after-dinner wine. Architecture at that time was easy to apprehend because there was but one tradition, one sequence of development, one style.

Who are the Twentieth century arbiters of Fashion—the circus masters that put us through these stylistic hoops?

The perverting of the public's native good taste (and past history of the everyday arts and crafts indicates that, left to themselves, people have a natural good taste), the stultifying of our perceptions has become a profitable business. Leaders of commerce have tried to defend themselves with a stale fallacy; they have told us that in order to counteract mass-production's menace to employment the tempo of fashion must be quickened. We cannot afford, they say, to wait until things just wear out; and so the public must not be allowed to develop any consistent style, as in the Eighteenth century, for that would be an obstructive influence upon trade. As soon as we are all equipped with streamlined cars and streamlined furniture, as soon as we

have taken a fancy to our streamlined fountain pens and developed a sentimental feeling for our streamlined pipes . . . no sooner are we streamlined from collar-stud to shirt-tail than all these things will be "out of style". That our wives' hats, finger nails and new fur-coats would be immediately obsolete we had fully anticipated, but it is alarming to find Fashion now trespassing upon masculine property. Even Grand Rapids, Mich., and Stratford, Ont., are now in direct communication with that Oracle from which Captain Molyneux and the sleek Miss Schiaparelli obtain such conveniently inspired utterances. Industrial designers, interior decorators and, I am afraid, even architects have become acolytes in that temple. The smartest designers (of furniture, for instance) are engaged to create styles which appear to anticipate the next season's manner and so look like a good "buy", but which in fact turn out not to be so. The designer now has to serve the interests of commerce and has to forget the interests of the customer. And finally the plausible prose of specious copy-writers has been employed to persuade the public to substitute the word "smart" for the word "good".

And so we are frustrated from enjoying that consistency of manners, that perfection of style that makes the Eighteenth century still refreshing.

Because they have organized themselves into a profession, the architects are the only designers who are enabled to make a direct contact with the consumer and interpret his real needs. One can observe how that in those European countries which have been able to establish any kind of Twentieth century tradition of design, it is the architects that have led the way, not only in the development of architecture, but also in the design of furniture and other domestic equipment. Walter Gropius and his Bauhaus of pre-Nazi Germany, Alvar Aalto of Finland, Ostberg and Asplund of Sweden, Serge Chermayeff and many others in England have been pioneers in restoring reasonable design to the public. It is, of course, the permanence of the architect's creations that warns him against the use of any current fashions that will be dead and forgotten many years before his buildings have been paid for. The architect must learn to withdraw from the confusion of the moment to see To-Day as but an incident in an Historical Period. He recognizes the streamlining of today as the bric-a-brac of tomorrow.

The establishment of a mature and civilized tradition of design true to the needs of our period depends on two factors: first, the professionalization of designers, so as to give them an integrity free from the covetous whims of commerce; second, the planning of industry to produce goods of permanent quality for the service of the whole community, rather than to concentrate on the frivolous replacement of the fancy possessions of the few who have money in their pockets. The insincerity of the Eighteenth century swagger is not to be compared with the insincerity of our Twentieth century Sales Appeal.

Something to Tell You

KIMBALL McILROY

THE nurse in her starched white dress walking noiselessly toward him along the white corridor reminded him insanelly of something he had seen too often in the moving pictures. The weary smile on her face where there was neither sorrow nor happiness, but a tired acceptance of both life and death, seemed too real to be real. He kept thinking that all this was something which must be happening to somebody else. It was something that he had read, that he had not liked when he read it. He distrusted it and he was afraid of it.

The nurse said, "All right, Mr. Frederick. Will you come with me."

It required a conscious effort to take himself away from the security of the waiting room. There everything was not white and there were magazines on the table and even other men in whose faces he could see his own awed timidity. He was surprised to find himself following the nurse back along the corridor from where she had come. Suddenly realizing that he still held a cigarette, his ninth in the past hour, he dropped it and stepped on it quickly, hoping that the nurse had not seen.

He followed her silently through the corridors, infinitely glad of the rubber heels on his shoes. He felt his growing nervousness until his hands shook and he put them in his pockets, feeling them damp and clammy there.

He heard the nurse saying, "Here we are, Mr. Frederick. You may go in now but you must not talk too long. You don't want to upset her," just as if she were speaking to a child.

He went in through the door which she held open for him, seeing Helen lying there on the flat white bed, and he heard the door being shut behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw that the nurse had left the room. He felt better when he knew that she had gone, and nervous too knowing that he was alone in the white hospital room with Helen and the baby.

He heard her talking in a voice which he hardly recognized. "Paul, I'm so glad to see you."

All at once he was on his knees beside the bed and he was kissing Helen on the mouth and holding her hand in his. He saw her white, drawn face and the expression in her eyes, realizing what she had gone through so that they could have the child which he had not yet seen. Strangely enough, he did not feel any curiosity about it, only an uncrystallized resentment for the pain it had caused Helen. His emotions were new to him. Looking at her on the bed, he felt tender compassion and a wholly new love.

"Paul," she said, "don't you want to see him?"

He knew that he had in some way hurt her and he said, "May I?" and he leaned across her on the white bed while she pulled down the covers to let him see his child.

He had known that it was a boy after the night of waiting out there in the other room, before he had gone home to sleep. Then it had not mattered

so much that it was a boy and that they could name him Paul, and he would never have thought it could matter so much.

So with her eyes upon him he whispered, "Paul", and she said, "Yes", and he kissed her many times on the mouth before she pulled the covers up again over the child.

After a while the nurse came in quietly through the heavy white door and said, "I think you'd better go now, Mr. Frederick. You can come back again tomorrow and stay longer."

Paul wanted to kiss her again when he saw how small and how tired she looked there on the bed but he was embarrassed in front of the nurse and so he said, "Good bye. I'll see you tomorrow then," and he went out of the room with the nurse.

Outside, she left him to find his way downstairs through the unfamiliar corridors. He walked quickly, passing the numbered, nameless doors with a feeling of personal ownership, as if he was a stranger no longer to this hospital and the people in it. He found the front door at last and went outside to taste the fresh air free of the antiseptic smell that still lingered in his throat and his nostrils.

It was raining in the street, heavily, revengefully, as if the leaden skies were suddenly releasing the deluge in pent-up anger. From the hot side-walks a fine mist arose and lost itself in the glare from the street lamps. Passing automobiles splashed the running water from the gutters up over the side-walks, the sound of motors drowned out by the peculiar noise of the wet tires on the tar roadway. Standing beside the door of the hospital, Paul tried to light a cigarette, but the big drops of water falling from the trees made it a brown, sodden lump of tobacco in his hand and he threw it away in disgust.

Walking, he heard the rain on the protective rubber of his raincoat and felt it damp around his neck where it seeped in at the collar. His shoes were soaked until he could feel his socks wet against the soles. He could have taken a taxicab but now he wanted to walk, watching how the headlights of the automobiles seemed suddenly to appear out of the mist as if they had been lying there in wait just beyond his sight.

He was not going home. He wanted to go home, to walk into their bedroom with its familiar furnishings to which had been added the crib he had bought yesterday and put there because there was nowhere else in the house for it, and to think of Helen and the baby coming back to him there. He had bought the crib because he had felt he ought to do something, dispassionately and without excitement. He had not felt then as he felt now. Somehow the visit to the hospital had changed everything. He knew that he could have bought a better crib, a more expensive one, and he tried not to think about it.

He was not going home yet. There was somewhere else he had to go first. He had telephoned earlier and said that he would come, and he walked faster now, not because he was in a hurry to arrive where he was going, but so that he could be home

sooner when it was all over.

He was glad when he reached the apartment house and inside the door, out of the rain, he took off the raincoat and shook the water from it on the floor of the vestibule. Without ringing or waiting to use the house telephone, he went slowly up the familiar stairs with the raincoat over his arm and his hat in his hand.

He stood for a moment outside the apartment door on the third floor, lighting a cigarette. It was better with the acrid taste of the smoke in his mouth and he felt his confidence increasing as he nervously inhaled the hot smoke.

Audrey would probably make a scene when he told her, he thought bitterly. It was his own fault. He felt his guilt now, thinking of Helen and the baby, more than it had ever come to him before. He was frightened thinking what he would do if she made a scene, how he would placate her. It might help if he offered to let her stay on in the apartment, and he could offer her money. But he could do nothing until he saw her, until he knew what she would say.

After he had knocked at the door, he changed the coat and hat to the hand which held the cigarette, so that he would have one arm free to embrace her when she opened the door to him, and he stood uncomfortably waiting.

When he saw her he was surprised to know that she had been crying. She held the door open for him smiling, laughing almost, but he saw her eyes rimmed in red which the powder could not hide and he knew that she had been crying.

She said, "I wasn't sure that you would come in the rain."

He put his coat and hat on the chair by the door, without turning around, hearing her closing the door after him. He stood, still without turning, waiting for her to speak.

She said, "I've been waiting ever since you telephoned, hearing the rain outside and hating it because I thought you might change your mind about coming."

Paul said, "You might have known I would come after telling you I would."

He faced her now, uncomfortably, wondering what she would say and what she would do.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Paul?"

He wanted to say no, to tell her that everything was different now, but he was afraid of her, because he did not understand her. Instead he took her coldly in his arms and kissed her quickly, self-consciously.

After he had kissed her she stood back and looked at him with a faint smile until he felt the blood coming to his cheeks and he could not look her in the eye any longer.

She said, "Has it made that much difference, Paul?" There was no anger in her voice, only a vague tenderness which he tried not to hear. When he did not answer she was suddenly laughing. "Let's not stand here like a couple of kids. Come on in and sit down."

He followed her into the living room, seeing again how well she carried herself and the golden hair which he knew was not dyed and the blue dress which she knew he liked. He had been proud of her taste in the clothes which she bought, and he thought

now of how he had used to tell her she dressed more attractively than Helen on half as much money. He was surprised now at the importance he had accorded clothes, before.

Because he wanted something to occupy his hands, he took out a package of cigarettes and offered one to Audrey. She accepted it, waiting for him to light it for her. Finally there was nothing else for him to do but sit down. He felt her eyes on him and he wanted to get everything over with as soon as possible. He wondered again what she would do when he told her.

At last he had to say, "Look, Audrey, there's something I came over here tonight to tell you."

She got up from her chair and crossed the room to sit down beside him on the sofa.

"Yes? What is it Paul? Was everything all right at the hospital?"

He winced when she said it and cleared his throat. "I don't know exactly how to explain it. Anyway, Helen has gone through an awful lot in the past few weeks. I guess you might almost say she went through it all for me." Even then he saw that she knew what he was trying to say, but her expression did not change and he had to go on. "Well, when I went in to see her this afternoon, something happened to me. I mean, somehow things were different when I came out."

She stood up and faced him and she was still smiling, although he saw that her eyes were glistening. "Don't say it, Paul. I know. You've fallen back in love with Helen—and the baby, I suppose—and you mean you won't be coming to see me any more."

He said quickly, relieved, "Yes, that's what I mean. I'm sorry, Audrey. I don't know yet just what happened."

She said, "I know what it was. But let's not talk about it now."

He wanted to say something to soothe her. He felt that he should be nice to her. "Look, Audrey. What's happened isn't your fault. Don't let it make any difference to you. You can stay on here at the apartment and whenever you need anything just tell me, without letting Helen know." It hurt him to say it, but there was nothing else he could say.

Audrey said, "Please don't go on like that, Paul. Don't talk like that. I'll get along all right." Then, after a while, when he did not say anything, she asked, "Paul, is it a boy?"

He nodded his head without looking up.

"What are you going to call him? Is his name going to be Paul, too?"

He tried to smile as he said, "I guess it will."

She sat down beside him on the sofa and he could see the tears more plainly now. "Tell me, Paul, does he look like you? Do you think he will be like you when he grows up? And is Helen happy with him?"

He said, "She seemed happy," knowing that he had never seen her happier than lying there on the hard hospital bed with the child beside her.

"Were you very proud when you saw him, Paul?"

He said, embarrassed, "I suppose I was. Any man would be," but he knew that he had not expected to be proud before he had gone to the hospital. Now he felt that her questions were making him resentful because they seemed too personal. Before, they had talked about Helen impersonally and he had told

Audrey things about Helen that had made them laugh. He stood up, saying, "It's getting late. I'd better be going."

She did not attempt to detain him, but walked with him to the door where he put on his raincoat, trying not to look at her, holding the wet hat in his hand. At the door she turned, her back to it.

"Paul." He had to look at her now, to see the sadness in her face and feel the responsibility for it. "Paul, are you going to let me see him some time? May I just see him?"

He twisted his hat nervously. "Of course, Audrey."

She smiled then. "I hope you will, Paul. It would mean a lot to me." Again he could see the tears glistening in her eyes as she opened the door for him, and when she had closed it behind him he heard her sobbing beyond it.

When he was going down the stairs to the street he did not feel as he had felt when he had come. Something was missing from his happiness now, and when he tried to remember what Helen had looked like lying on the hospital bed with his son beside her he thought of Audrey, alone in the apartment on the third floor, who had not made a scene when he told her.

ART UNDER THE SOVIETS

G. CAMPBELL McINNES

THE recent showing of contemporary Soviet Art at the Art Gallery of Toronto was a sad disappointment to two totally opposed types of people, and demonstrated once again the folly of trying to judge of art by any other than aesthetic standards. Those who expect the adoption of certain creeds and dogmas to be immediately discernible in the art of those who adopt them were heard to wail bitterly, "This isn't a Russian show; it's just a French show. Why, it isn't even radical." Those who went prepared to damn the artistic output of a country in whose social experiments they did not believe were likewise cheated of their right to vociferous disapproval.

In point of fact the showing was extremely fine, and essentially Russian. But like all arts which are close to the people it was both easily understandable, and vigorous without being nervously self-assertive. This was a sad blow to the cognoscenti, for when the basis of art is broadened they lose their prerogative of esoteric discussion. I have no doubt that what we saw was not representative of the sum total of contemporary Russian art, but a careful study of what it had to offer revealed several interesting features.

First and most important, this art is the product of a mode of life which does not regard art as something one visits in museums, or which is the exclusive property of a limited few. The arts in Soviet Russia are looked upon as an integral part of a normal well-rounded existence, and this means that the artists are able to avoid both the spurious naïveté of a conscious "primitive", and the aloofness of those who live and work in a society which treats them as an unrelated phenomenon. I am well aware that such a statement controverts the current belief

that art in its highest form can be appreciated only by a small section of the community; but this belief has grown up in an age where, in most parts of the world, it is regrettably true. Though the deepest appreciation (different in degree only from general appreciation) may be a quality to which relatively few can attain, it is abundantly plain that this showing offers few difficulties to the average person, and will offer progressively fewer. No thorny aesthetic problems bar the way to the free impact of art on the beholder; and that is a great thing.

Two other interesting points may be noted. Firstly, the Russians have apparently passed beyond the point where overt propaganda was an essential part of Soviet Art. The only exception in this showing was Deyneka's mural, for obvious reasons. Secondly, the enormous influence of French painting of the last fifty years, though clearly evident, has not been allowed to strangle native talent, by diverting it along the line of sterile imitation. There is practically no country in the Western world which does not show the influence of the School of Paris, but there is a difference between aping and assimilating. To find a parallel to this Russian art, with its firm moulding of all the wealth which France had to offer, to racial temperament and the individual interpretation of environment, one has to turn to the Iowa School in contemporary American painting—Currey, Benton, Burchfield and Grant Wood. Both arts have assimilated the discoveries of the French, rejected their more fantastic excess, and come out "on the other side". The mantle of Cézanne will not fall on the Cézannicules, but on those who hold up to his authority and the authority of the great tradition, their own imaginative work, and then, seeing more clearly, re-relate it to their own experience. That is what the Soviets are doing.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PROPHET

Dream on while your prophetic sight
Is still too keen to probe the day,
Before the spectrum of your night
Is recomposed to faded grey—
Before the riot of your vision
Is sobered by our prose derision.

Look as you may, horizon-faced!
The distant palms are waving now:
But do not touch and do not taste
The fruit that clusters from the bough,
For on those sands no healing wings
Are poised above the water springs.

And when the horses thunder on,
And dust is on the charioteer,
Beware the advent of the Dawn,
Lest that the eye betray the ear;
Sleep on and let the day eclipse
The ghosts of your apocalypse.

E. J. PRATT.



BOOKS



Irish Renaissance

IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA: Stephen Gwynn; Nelson; pp. 243; \$1.75.

IT is astonishing to one with even a fairly comprehensive knowledge of Irish literature written in the English language, to realize that the movement which bred the bulk of it is scarcely one hundred years old. Therefore, chronologically speaking, no older than our own. But it would be grossly unfair of course to compare or contrast the fruits of the rich and almost classical traditions of the Irish with those of our somewhat meagre colonial culture. A relative survey, as Mr. Gwynn points out, of Irish and Scottish literature would not only be justified but would serve to emphasize the extraordinary development of the former. At the close of the last century no reputable critic would have dared such a comparison but now, thirty-five years later, it can be made both with safety and profit. However, except in a few instances, Mr. Gwynn attempts no comparative analysis but confines himself to a reconstruction of the political and emotional forces which moulded this loosely connected but superbly equipped school of writers, and to critical appreciations of their work.

In the first two chapters, the author correlates the strongly nationalistic background; half Christian, half pagan; half historical, half romantic; half mystical, half lyrical: with the modern prose, poetry and drama of Ireland. In a short paragraph he explains the unfaltering respect with which the Irish have always treated their scholars and poets. He says: "Perhaps the most remarkable fact in relation to native Irish literature is the continuous care with which it was cherished and supported by the Gaelic people. They have had, and they have, an almost exaggerated sense of the importance of the past. The poet to them was not so much a maker as a recorder: not a deviser of stories, but one who could put new life through skilful words into actions that passed long ago. Literature maintained the national life, and for that reason the rulers of the community maintained those who preserved the literature, or added to it by poems praising some new feat, or satirizing something which the Irish were taught to despise." Patrick, when he came to Ireland, found the poets firmly established and it was due to his friendship and admiration for them that Christianity spread so rapidly through the country.

This is the background which won such esteem for Thomas Moore, the forerunner of modern Irish literature. Of Moore, Mr. Gwynn remarks that he is remembered more for the genuine affection in which he was held by his countrymen and for the hauntingly lovely but slight Melodies than for Lalla Rookh, for which (and this should astonish our present day poets) he received three thousand pounds. But the other early nineteenth century

literary figures were influenced rather by Maria Edgeworth, who wrote *Castle Rackrent*, and whose successors include John and Michael Banim, Gerald Griffin, and indirectly, Carleton and Lever. Of these only Lever and Griffin would be at all familiar to the average reader; the former for his Harry Lorrequer stories and the latter for *The Collegians* from which Dion Boucicault produced *The Colleen Bawn*. All these writers' works were characterized by that combination of robust, almost clownish hilarity with sudden descents into wild savagery which is responsible for so many mistaken concepts of the Irish temperament. Fortunately at this time appeared *The Nation*, the organ of the Young Ireland movement, and through the work of a succession of competent and discriminating editors it was responsible for the appearance and cultivation of a number of young writers whose prose and poetry were uniformly sensitive and of high critical integrity.

According to Mr. Gwynn the forty years that followed 1848 were the least productive of the nineteenth century in Irish literature, this in spite of Mangan and Samuel Ferguson whom Yeats considers one of the finest of the poets. But the comparative sterility of this period is not difficult to understand in view of the Fenian uprisings, the land troubles, the recurring famine and the political and economic distress of the country. But it could be said with equal justification that the Irish genius was lying fallow, for close upon these years of the locust came W. B. Yeats and A.E.—George Russell. Of these two men, Mr. Gwynn makes an observation which is very interesting: "Both were mystics. But whereas in George Russell mysticism appeared inseparable from his being, with Yeats it had the aspect of an exotic cult." So simply is stated a fundamental which has been at the basis of most of the lengthy critical estimates of the two poets.

However, neither Yeats nor A. E. concerned themselves in any active way with the Home Rule controversies, although for a time A.E. edited *The Irish Statesman* for Horace Plunkett. One cannot help but regret that they remained aloof since the official Irish party was to be the rallying point for the majority of the young pre-war and wartime intellectuals who have flowered into such an abundant and vigorous growth. James Joyce and James Stephens are the most noteworthy of these.

From the cessation of the trouble on, the growth of Irish literature was rapid. Such names as Brinsley Macnamara, Liam O'Flaherty, Frank O'Connor, Peadar O'Donnell, Sean O'Faolain, and Francis Stuart must be quite familiar to the most casual reader. Possibly because he feels that he has not the proper perspective to judge them, Mr. Gwynn gives them but cursory mention.

Mr. Gwynn does not neglect the dramatists, his estimations of Synge, Sean O'Casey and Lennox Robinson, forming some of the most interesting sections of the book; nevertheless his interest in the

interpretation and analysis of the prose and poetry of Ireland seems so engrossing, that his comments on that remarkable institution, the Abbey Theatre, seem superficial and perfunctory by contrast.

Stephen Gwynn has already gained a fine reputation as a critic and biographer and Irish Literature and Drama should add to his stature. He writes simply and with genuine enthusiasm for his subject, quite unself-consciously avoiding the rather precious diagnoses of so many of his contemporaries. Apart from making excellent reading, this book should be invaluable as a reference work.

ELEANOR GODFREY.

The Banks and Gold

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GOLD STANDARD: Gustav Cassel; Oxford University Press; pp. 262; \$1.75.

MONEY AND BANKING; 1935-6: League of Nations Monetary Review, Vol. 1; 65c.

COMMERCIAL BANKS: League of Nations Monetary Review, Vol. II; \$1.85.

THE recent devaluation of the gold bloc currencies makes the appearance of these three publications very timely. Prof. Cassel's book describes the events by which gold proved itself an unsatisfactory standard of value and correctly anticipates the reversal of French policy. The two League of Nations publications provide a general conspectus of the monetary and banking policies followed in recent years in the principal countries of the world. The Monetary Review classifies countries into three main groups. In the first group, including only sterling bloc countries (Britain, Sweden, South Africa, Australia, Canada) the currency expansion followed upon devaluation and originated in central bank policies of the familiar expansionist character. The result was cheap and abundant credit which facilitated conversion of the public debt and stimulated some revival of building, etc. At all events the decline in prices was arrested and business turned up. The second group of countries (Japan, Chili, U.S.A., and Germany) enjoyed an involuntary monetary expansion as a result of the financing of deficits by central bank loans. In this group the recovery was slightly less marked and more dependent upon direct government expenditure.

In contrast with these groups the position of the countries which have stayed on the narrow path of monetary orthodoxy has consistently deteriorated, especially since 1933. France may be taken as typical. Prices went on falling (although they had turned up elsewhere) but never fell sufficiently to compensate for the "under-valuing" of the sterling currencies. Exports slumped and imports had therefore to be rigorously controlled. The growth of budget deficits, private hoarding and speculation in the franc made capital scarce and scared. Premier Blum's programme of social legislation and public works was incompatible with deflation and made it essential to cut the tie with gold.

Prof. Cassel expounds the doctrine that the gold standard always was and always will be a hard master. As a party to most of the innumerable international conferences devoted to the restoration of

the gold standard, he has gradually lost his faith in gold. While he laboured hard in the cause of restoration of gold he never ceased to fear the consequences of a probable shortage of the metal. As it happened, the shortage took the form of a maldistribution of gold reserves between the different currency systems. His theory of the depression is therefore essentially a monetary one. The deflation of 1929-31 was the result of the rise in the value of gold which took place after 1925. This deflation upset the balance between prices and costs—which latter include relatively rigid wage and interest rates and the like—and cut into the profits which are required to generate the industrial machine. Prof. Cassel's opinion now is that any further attempt at the restoration of gold would be unsuccessful, and, if successful, unwise.

While agreeing with his conclusions, some of the arguments on which they rest seem insecure. Few economists are prepared to recognize any evidence of deflation during the period 1925 to 1928. Quite the contrary. Prof. Cassel also seems to imply that the limited recovery of the last three years resulted from the fall in the value of gold, which followed upon the British and American devaluations. A more realistic view would see this as the obverse aspect of a rise in commodity prices produced by monetary expansion. Such a view would also argue, with considerable support from The Monetary Review, that exchange depreciation set countries free from inhibitions created by the fear of losing gold, and created an atmosphere more favourable to a policy of domestic recovery. Such recoveries were based on easy money and plentiful governmental spendings, the effect of which ultimately spread outwards to the countries producing raw material.

However, Prof. Cassel is on strong ground when he returns to his attack on the methods of administering the gold standard. He has no difficulty in shewing that the actual operation of the system bears little resemblance to the mechanism as described by orthodox theory. Gold stocks are accumulated out of all proportion to needs by countries able to attract them; gold is not used to settle deficits in the balance of trade; central banks refuse to play the game according to the rules. Incidentally, his account of the progress of British monetary policy suggests that the Bank of England and its spokesman in Basle, the B.I.S., have been dubious of the policy of expansion, if not actually in opposition to it, right from the beginning.

J. F. PARKINSON.

American Problems

MAINLAND: Gilbert Seldes; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 443; \$3.00.

AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT: E. M. Hugh-Jones and E. A. Radice; Oxford University Press; pp. 296; \$1.75.

IT says a good deal for Mr. Seldes' powers of persuasion that I finished his book in a distinctly sympathetic frame of mind. When I started it, I didn't expect that to happen. The quotations on the jacket prejudiced me at the outset. They seemed to reveal Mr. Seldes as an economic nationalist, a protagonist of private initiative, an isolationist of

the more obtuse variety. I found those elements in the book itself; but their offensiveness was diminished if not completely eliminated by other and more admirable qualities; so that, without by any means accepting his conclusions, I must recommend his volume as an honest and stimulating analysis of present-day America.

The book is apparently born of two antipathies. Mr. Seldes has revolted against the carping of critics who damn everything in the United States because it is not like Europe. With this I have a good deal of sympathy, but I can't help feeling that he destroys the effectiveness of a sound case by a tendency to over-statement accompanied by a certain petulance of tone. He also combats the "dream theory" of American history; and this is the starting point for an analysis of the factors behind American development which is wholly admirable in its penetration. The economic roots of American ideals as well as American expansion, and the consequent effect upon American outlook, are presented with incontrovertible clarity. If Mr. Seldes is reluctant to be classed as a Marxian, he still has no intention of giving aid and comfort to rugged individualists or economic royalists.

"Three things," he says in summary, "Americans would not willingly give up: national independence, civil freedom, and private prosperity; the three, which are bound together, have to be organized so that one does not conflict with the other." He stresses the need for increased regulation if this is to be achieved; but apparently he feels that it can be achieved without any profound revolution in American life.

It is this conclusion that I find unconvincing; and my scepticism is increased by the brief study of the New Deal which is the work of two young English economists. It is an admirable and lucid summary, concerned to explain rather than to praise or to condemn. None the less, the critical implications are obvious even in this detached treatment; and the sum of these implications is that the objects at which the New Deal aimed—objects whose attainment is necessary for the recovery of the United States—are practically impossible of achievement within the framework of American capitalism. Mr. Seldes is quite sound in explaining the reluctance of the average American to abandon the conviction that any man can end up a millionaire. But the conditions pictured in "An American Experiment" show none the less that such a conviction is now an anachronistic illusion.

EDGAR McINNIS.

An Indian Socialist

INDIA AND THE WORLD: Essays by Jawaharlal Nehru; Allen & Unwin-Nelson; pp. 262; \$1.50.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is one of the outstanding leaders of the Indian nationalist movement, probably the outstanding leader next to Gandhi himself. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge he has twice been elected to the presidency of the National Congress, in 1929 and 1936; has seven times been imprisoned by the British authorities, and is today building up a movement which will aim at socializing the Indian economy as well as at emancipation from British political control. This book contains

a collection of speeches and articles brought together to explain his views to English readers.

The author has absorbed the full Marxian interpretation of the world and he applies it here to India. But he is not a complete or dogmatic Marxian since he is also a follower of Gandhi, and he never ceases emphasizing that Gandhi's technique in India succeeded in building up a mass movement which shook British authority to the foundations and yet maintained peaceful non-violent methods. He is doubtful, however, whether this can continue. He sees the struggle in India clearly as only part of a world-wide struggle against capitalist-imperialism, and he keeps driving home to his Indian followers the point that merely to eliminate the English master will not accomplish much if India still remains in the hands of native feudal princes, landlords, financiers and capitalist entrepreneurs. He deplors the communal strife of his country, but again declares his belief that communalism is fostered by middle class interests who are opposed to all social changes that would benefit the masses. He criticises the Indian Congress itself because it tends to lose touch with the masses in its concentration on paper constitutions and purely political nationalist agitation.

The other main theme of his book is a bitter criticism of the fascist trends of English policy in India. His account of the attacks upon civil liberties and of prison conditions are shocking and will not be believed by many an innocent Canadian reader who has been fed upon romantic tales about British trusteeship for the 350 millions of India; but what Jawaharlal Nehru says here can be confirmed from many independent investigators and from many English liberals themselves.

The speeches and articles in this book are obviously the work of a man of first class intellectual power with a wealth of learning and a breadth of vision which could be equalled only by a small handful of our Anglo-Saxon political leaders. The dull authoritarians from the English public schools who now maintain themselves in India more and more by methods of force are clearly no match intellectually for such men as the Nehrus, just as spiritually they are not worthy to touch the hem of Gandhi's garment. This book should help us to understand a little why so many Indians regard English rule in India as now morally bankrupt.

F. H. UNDERHILL.

Central Europe

CENTRAL EUROPE AND THE WESTERN WORLD: Dr. Gerhard Schacher; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 224; \$3.00.

THIS is a brief but highly informative book on the succession states of Austria-Hungary and their immediate neighbours in the Danube valley. Dr. Schacher, now expatriated from Germany to Prague, has long been interested in the subject, and knows it well. He sketches the main political developments in the area since 1918, but is mainly concerned with the economic side of that development, especially the situation created by the depression of the past half dozen years. After reviewing, and condemning the early efforts at economic self-sufficiency he analyses the various "pacts" which have

attempted to replace that policy. These are: the Little Entente, with its later economic counterpart of 1933; the Balkan Pact of 1934; and the Rome pacts of 1934 between Italy, Austria and Hungary. (The German-Austrian treaty of July 1936 is, of course, too late for mention). He likewise analyses what he terms the "destructive" forces in Austria and Hungary, viz., the Anschluss, Habsburgism, and Revisionism. His main concern is, however, to show that the economic reconstruction, and therewith the political stability, of Central Europe can only be brought about by more active co-operation and increased trade connections with Western Europe, above all Britain.

In this process Czechoslovakia, as the most advanced and most firmly established of the Danubian states, is to act as bridge between Central Europe and the West. The author is plainly trying to find an alternative to the threat of Danubian penetration and predominance by a Nazi Germany which he dislikes and fears. But there is the rub. Germany has obvious natural advantages for close trade relations with the Danubian countries, as Dr. Schacher's own figures clearly show, and it would have been better if the German question (apart from the Anschluss) had been discussed more fully. It may also be objected that his figures are at times taken from too limited a period.

R. FLENLEY.

The Russo-Japanese War

TSUSHIMA: A. Novikoff-Priboy; Allen and Unwin-Nelson; pp. 407; \$5.00.

TSUSHIMA is the great naval battle in which the Japanese annihilated, in May 1905, the second Russian Pacific squadron. The author himself served as an ordinary seaman, paymaster's assistant, on board the ironclad Oryol, from the time of its departure from Russia to the end, being finally interned as a prisoner of war in Japan. From his own notes and memories, from evidence gathered of all ranks and units in the fleet he has constructed an enthralling tale of the 1,500-mile voyage round the Cape and of the battle itself. The late appearance of the book is due to the fact that his manuscripts, which of course were treacherous documents, were so carefully hidden by his friends that they were lost for a quarter of a century.

The book is of considerable importance, and that in several ways: it casts a new and interesting light on the actual events and the strategy of the battle (or the lack of it) on the Russian side; written from the point of view of the sailors rather than that of the high command it gives a far more complete and human story than is usually the case; it is a tale well told that carries the reader along all the way; it is most of all a damning picture, though free of all rant and direct propaganda, of the state of the Russian fleet and of the stupid and inefficient Czarist regime that equipped it. Ships in constant need of repair, gunners untrained and almost useless, autocratic, ignorant brutes in high command, bad food and resigned despair are the dark background against which flash for a moment isolated and futile deeds of heroic bravery and heroic patience and endurance. And through it all some are sustained by the dawning hope of a new day: the Revolution

of 1906—not knowing that even this would not come to fulfilment for another decade.

This is a large and worthy book, and if it is perhaps too costly for the ordinary book-buyer, it should certainly find its way to the shelves of all libraries.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

The Old Pretender

1715: THE STORY OF THE RISING: Alistair and Henrietta Tayler; Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd.; pp. 345; \$3.75.

THIS is an account of the Scottish rebellion in favour of James Francis Edward Stuart, the "Old Pretender". It is a rather unpromising subject. Since the rebellion got nowhere, it has little interest for the general historian; and for the romantic historian it has very obvious defects. James Francis, reserved, gloomy and uninspiring, arrived "late for his own rebellion"; and after having suffered from agues and other unheroic ailments brought on by the hard winter of his "ancient Kingdom" he departed in the same resigned and spiritless way in which he had arrived. The Earl of Mar, the leader of the rising, was a political trimmer who as late as 1714 had written a fawning letter to George of Hanover; and his generalship was so timorous and inept as to make one wonder how he ever had the resolution to begin a rebellion at all. Other leaders distinguished themselves by their incapacity and the unheroic readiness with which they abandoned the struggle; and Sheriffmuir is apparently still remembered in Scottish song as the battle in which both sides ran away. It was the clansmen and the humbler Scottish lairds, who stuck together after James and Mar had abandoned the army, who showed something of the loyalty and devotion which are the chief redeeming features of the exiled Stuarts' cause.

Mr. and Miss Tayler have thoroughly explored the sources; and their book is solidly based on documentary material, including letters and papers still in the private collections of Scottish families. This material gives the book a real value; and despite faults of presentation, it does enable the reader to obtain a picture of the whole tragi-comic affair. The story, however, is not very skilfully put together and the writing undistinguished, to say the least. And since the Old Pretender's rebellion is a very poor rival of the '45, the book will chiefly interest antiquarians and confirmed enthusiasts for the history of the Stuart family.

D. G. CREIGHTON.

Lawrence of Arabia

PORTRAIT OF T. E. LAWRENCE: Vyvyan Richards; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 252; \$2.50.

THIS is an attempt to present, as only a personal friend could, a picture of Lawrence the man and the writer. The chapter on Oxford is rather scrappy—the author himself frankly admits that he is dealing with events in themselves trifling—it adds little to the picture familiar from other sources and will be of great interest only to confirmed Lawrence-worshippers. There follows a chapter on the first Arab contacts and archaeological work in the East which is both shorter and more relevant. It is,

however, the lengthy analysis of *The Seven Pillars Of Wisdom*, which forms by far the most substantial and the most interesting part of the book. Hence the sub-title: *The Lawrence of The Seven Pillars*, for it is as such that Mr. Richards wishes his friend to be remembered, rather than as Lawrence of Arabia. Whether we agree with this view or not, his discussion of that notable work should be of great interest and assistance both to those who have read it and those who intend to read it. But I must confess that to me Lawrence's part in the Arabian revolt, and the more external sides of his personality, including his amazing capacity for leadership of, and friendship with, a completely alien race, are far more interesting than his more intimate states of mind, at times so jagged, and so unfinished.

The rest of the book completes the picture and throws interesting light on Lawrence as a writer, and on the depth of his disgust at seeing the Arabs betrayed after their victory both by the English and the French. And here, as elsewhere at times, Mr. Richards is inclined to be over-apologetic. T. E. Lawrence may have been a tortured and unhappy soul, but he was great enough to need no apology. And although it may satisfy one's sense of dramatic pattern to consider his life as finished before the time he died, it is surely more likely that, but for the unfortunate accident that killed him, he might not only have again distinguished himself in action (perhaps in the defence of the oppressed in his own land) and in his own heart become a greater man.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

Two Women

SUMMER WILL SHOW: Sylvia Townsend Warner; Macmillans; pp. 421; \$2.50.

SUMMER WILL SHOW is an excellent novel. The delicate and distinctive style of Miss Warner's earlier work, the deft irony and subtle characterization, reappear in a work of broader scope and more serious feeling. To state the theme baldly as the liberation of Sophia Willoughby, a restless, active, capable woman cramped by the traditional restrictions of her social position, is to do less than justice to the freshness and sincerity of Miss Warner's approach, and the dexterous art with which she manages the swiftly changing events of the story. For the really significant thing about this novel is not the bare story, adroitly as that is handled, but the particular character of Sophia, and the particular mode of her liberation.

Sophia found herself, just before the turn of the nineteenth century, mistress and manager of a country house in Dorset, "she was a land-owner, and a mother, and every day there was more to do, more to oversee the doing of." Meantime her husband pursued, unregretted, a separate life of pleasure in Paris and London. Into this rounded, orderly, self-satisfied life intruded now and again a rebellious restlessness; soon after the death of the children, a brief but poignantly affecting episode, she set out to find her husband in Paris, determined to re-establish her self-centred existence with another child. But meeting in Paris her husband's current mistress, an actress of Lithuanian Jewish ancestry and sentimentally revolutionary ideas, she fell victim even more completely than her husband to the

fascination of this woman, "so ugly and so entrancing, so streaked and freaked with moods, so incandescent with candour and so tunnelled with deceitfulness . . . like a demonstration by earth that working in clay she could contrive a match for any atmospheric April." In her company and by her example, Sophia tasted and found in herself an imperious appetite for "this fantastic freedom from every inherited and practised restraint." Moving with a resolute and passionate serenity through the revolution of 1848 she found herself driven by her love of order and realism and liberty, combined with various obscure personal inclinations and resentments, into active identification with the Communist party; and there we leave her, broke to the wide, but stepping high, handsome and hearty.

There is apparent behind the book a pure sincerity of conviction, so sure of itself that it does not fear to strive honestly for scrupulous balance and fair consideration of difficulties and opposing claims. Indeed, it lacks the single-minded coarseness of thought that generally marks effective propagandist writing, and makes its appeal rather as a work of art rising from an idea than as a rhetorical exercise defending or commending an idea. Whether or not her readers accept the thesis that only a Communist can know the happy freedom of a clear conscience, they must alike be charmed by the varied and vivid characters, the artfully unexpected, but adequately motivated shifts of the story, and the cool shrewd wit that lightens and livens the telling.

L. A. MacKAY.

OF LENA GEYER: Marcia Davenport; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 473; \$2.75.

AS a result of the dismaying tendency of contemporary novelists to explain their feelings in terms of the three-volume novel, one is apt to regard anything approaching the five-hundred page mark with reserve and suspicion. The present day writer, in attempting to fit the cloak of his eighteenth century prototype to his own attenuated frame, apparently finds some difficulty in filling its voluminous folds. They insist on hanging limp and dejected, and no amount of esoteric vapourings nor revelations of extremely average psychological insipidities can fill the garment to its original robust contour. The subjective minutiae of existence, however significant as a human or technical document, is hardly the stuff from which good yarns are spun. The reader who demands three-dimensional human beings in his stories wants to place them in the frame of his own experience and demands two things of the writer: the ability to tell a story well, and a good story to be told.

In the case *Of Lena Geyer*, Marcia Davenport meets both requirements to a surprising degree, writing with an honesty and vigor that suggests a certain amount of crusading in the cause of the European emigrants' place and influence in the field of American music. She states their position briefly, as those who have ". . . become the fathers and mothers of the nation at which they stared . . . fifty years ago. They, and not the defeated South or decadent New England, are now the custodians of Thomas Jefferson's ideals."

Lena Geyer is obviously a composite portrait of the great Wagnerian singers of the last fifty

years. From her obscure origin in Prague, spell-bound by its own tradition of music, through her struggling development and ultimate fame, to her passing to the Tristan "Leibsted", one is aware of Geyer as a living, dynamic human being, removed by sheer vitality from the dusty glamour surrounding the opera singers of past tradition.

The material of the story, although complex, is not remarkable. Presented, in effect, by Geyer's biographer through published interviews, conversations, documents, etc., a complicated fabric of plot is handled so firmly that its exposition and development of theme and counter-theme is not unlike a verbal development of fugue.

The story ends suddenly, although not without the most skillful, flexible foreshadowing, with her death from cancer, resulting from the unskillful delivery of her still-born child during her emigrant years in New York.

Mrs. Davenport is unquestionably a story-teller of the first rank. In her first book, *Mozart*, her achievement was one of reverence and devotion. In *Of Lena* Geyer enthusiasm and technical ability combine to produce an ideal yet passionately human figure against an extraordinary background of contemporary music and musicians. In short, Mrs. Davenport establishes a valid claim to the mantle of the authentic teller of tales. And it becomes her exceedingly.

DOROTHY PAGE.

Painters and Critics

THE PURPOSE OF PAINTING: Lynton Lamb; The Oxford University Press; pp. 40; \$1.00.

ART AND LIFE: Hannah P. Closs; Basil Blackwell; pp. 137, 59 plates; 15/.

IN an age when art has become hopelessly divorced from the people, it is unfortunate that these books, both of which profess to clarify the relationships of art to life from the layman's viewpoint, should be, respectively, arch and obscure.

On the whole, Mr. Lamb is the more successful, for he is not attempting to present a thesis, and hence does not find it necessary to pursue his subject to the bitter end through a maze of cross references which Miss Closs' German thoroughness renders as inevitable as her tortured and involved sentences.

Both Mr. Lamb and Miss Closs are preoccupied with art and life, and the influence of physical environment and racial type on artistic production. Miss Closs develops her thesis with a wealth of scholarly collation, but Mr. Lamb, in his little pamphlet, is content to skim the surface lightly, throwing out personal prejudices with a fine abandon, and convincing one that there is more than a little truth in his assertion that the English climate has effectually canalised English talent in certain well defined directions. His best passages deal with the effect of the camera on the artist, and his escape from its thralldom, and his insistence on the importance of tradition—"the dominant guide to which vision and experience are referred"—which is too apt to be neglected today.

The chief merit of Miss Closs' book lies in the excellent array of reproductions which she has collected and arranged to illustrate points in her work. Many of these have not before been reproduced to-

gether in so easily accessible a form (this is especially true of the Mediaeval German religious carving and sculpture), and their presence is a monument to Miss Closs' scholarship. Unfortunately, her erudition is such as to hamper rather than advance the exposition of her thesis, and it lumbars heavily on amidst innumerable quotations, examples, "as so-and-so said", and references to the *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung*, to a lame and final *petitio principii*. It is Elie Faure with less windy rhetoric, and more high seriousness; less penetrating common sense, but better illustrations and more thorough analyses.

Having raised the Frankenstein monster of the division of European art into the Southern Ethos—plastic and static—and the Northern Ethos—linear and dynamic—or again "the classic art of Greece and Rome, the Renaissance, Cezanne, and some . . . Cubism" versus "Gothic, Baroque and Expressionism", Miss Closs is at length forced to admit, by implication, that it has got the better of her. To what end these divisions and re-divisions of art? Is it, after all, possible to salt the tail of the eternal?

Miss Closs, and to a lesser extent Mr. Lamb, do a service in drawing attention to the different approach necessary to judge of sculpture and painting; they are also right in insisting that while an appreciation of form is of primary importance in evaluating a work of art, it is not the be all and the end all that it was popularly supposed to be ten years ago.

G. CAMPBELL McINNES.

REPRESENTATION AND FORM: Walter Abell; 16 reproductions; Scribners; \$3.00.

MUST open this discussion of the philosophy of art by stating that, being on the painting side of art, I have none of the critical language in which to couch my opinions. As the critic usually spends his life trying to find the words to describe the mysteries of art, he is apt to become too obscure for him who deals with paint. And for the layman quite unintelligible. In discussions of aesthetics the artist asks: Is that me? Did I do that? Does the artist know what aesthetics are? Has he recipes? Does he taste as he goes? Does he mean "feel" as the author means "read"? These are the questions artists ask of critics and Professor Abell asks of the artist and the question or argument carries through to the end of the book as a work of art itself. For a work that carries on to a logical conclusion, exhaustive and with a magnificent technique of words, unflinching sentence by sentence, can be reckoned itself a work of art.

Professor Abell raises out of limbo the long dismissed dispute, the value of subject matter in painting. I feel happier to enjoy the Old Masters without doing so surreptitiously, and even the most convinced believer in the purity of abstraction will have a hard time standing against this attack. Mr. Abell has put reality into abstractions and limitations and in discovering the abstract qualities in all representation he sets it free from limitations.

He gives a satisfying meaning to form, he rids "physiological form" of its ugly twin, illustration; he borrows every critic phrase and puts it through a scientific examination until there is little left but his own expression. The artist can now go on painting his native scene, his nude, his still life, even

that which tells a story. The literary quality in art, says Professor Abell, is an adjunct phase of enjoyment if the qualities of form are also present.

This book comes in time to relieve our minds so that we may enjoy the present movements in art springing up around the world. Super-surrealism, supplying a long needed humour, the American interpretation of its own life, even the propaganda painting in the countries where the artists are part of the life, are acceptable.

PEGI NICOL.

Miscellaneous

A GRAPHIC SURVEY OF THE CANADIAN TEXTILE INDUSTRIES: J. A. Coote; Oxford University Press; pp. 248; \$1.50.

It is only necessity that forces one to read *A Graphical Survey of the Canadian Textile Industries*. A book by its very appearance calculated to deter reading, which contains nevertheless a mass of vital, interesting and significant statistics. The use of colour in the graphs would have lightened the heavy appearance of the book but it is painfully obvious from this book that the lack of adequate funds is responsible for its faults and not the work of Professor Coote, who is to be complimented on a very painstaking and thorough survey of the textile industry.

Various significant trends are well illustrated. Wages since 1921 have shown a marked trend to standardization, though the actual level has altered very little. Imports have been steadily declining, this, however, has not adversely effected the industry as a whole as there is "little or no export" of textiles. Probably the most interesting conclusion to be reached from the book is the visual proof of much of what John Strachey has written, as all graphs covering a long range period from 1870 or so show a continual uptrend to 1920, followed by jagged lines in a downward direction. Naturally this book is essential for any student of the Canadian industrial scene.

MR. TUTT TAKES THE STAND: Arthur Train; Charles Scribner's Sons; pp. 290; \$2.00.

THE last book of Arthur Train reviewed in these columns—*Manhattan Murder*—was thorough-going gangster stuff and excellent of its kind. The author has now gone back to an earlier and more respectable creation of his, the urbane and learned Ephraim Tutt, and given us another collection of entertaining short stories about him. In case you have not met him before, Mr. Tutt is an elderly lawyer who turns up like a good fairy where some poor devil is about to get a raw deal at the hands of the law, and always manages a delightful escape. But he is also very human, and not above teaching a lesson to whoever interferes with his fishing, or to a hotel manager who refuses him a room because he looks like a tramp. He does all this in a modest and unassuming manner, and we learn of the most astonishing and unexpected (though no doubt quite correct) twists of laws new and old.

A few hours enjoyable entertainment for any detective fan in his less bloodthirsty moments or for anyone who likes the amusement of mystery without the horrors.

STANDING ROOM ONLY: Walter Greenwood; Jonathan Cape-Nelson; pp. 228; \$2.00.

THIS is a pleasant enough comedy, the story of a drapers' assistant who writes a play and, amazingly, gets it accepted by a fashionable producer. There follows the tale of his success and a picture of the theatrical characters involved in the performance, competent and not infrequently entertaining. But that is not enough for the author of *Love On The Dole*, which was a good book as well as a powerful protest against the iniquitous Means Test in Great Britain, and many other things. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood made a bet that he could write a cheerful book as ably as a sad one. If so, he lost the bet.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Mention in this column does not preclude review in a future issue.

LUTHER: F. Funck-Brentano; Cape-Nelson; pp. 365; \$3.75.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA: Count Corti; Butterworth-Nelson; pp. 416; \$5.50.

THE RAILWAY WORKER: G. M. Rountree; Oxford Press; pp. 364; \$3.00.

THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS: Charles A. Beard; Macmillan; pp. 124; \$1.75.

AFTER THE NEW DEAL WHAT?: Norman Thomas; Macmillan, pp. 244; \$2.00.

THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE: Stafford Cripps; Gollancz-Ryerson; pp. 287; \$2.00.

MILITARISM IN JAPAN: K. W. Colegrove; World Peace Foundation; pp. 78; 75c.

THE RED RIVER INSURRECTION: E. E. Kreutzweiser; Garden City Press; pp. 166; \$1.50.

THE GATHERING FINANCIAL CRISIS IN CANADA: Stephen Leacock; Macmillan; pp. 24; 50c.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT: A. D. Millard; Hogarth-Longmans; pp. 61; 50c.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SHAKESPEARE PRODUCTION: G. Wilson Knight; Faber-Ryerson; pp. 246; \$3.75.

PORTRAIT OF AN ERA, as drawn by C. D. Gibson; Fairfax-Downie; Scribners; pp. 391; \$3.50.

SAINT JOAN OF ARC: V. Sackville West; Doubleday Doran; pp. 395; \$3.50.

ATLANTIC CROSSING: G. Wilson Knight, Dent; pp. 332; \$2.25.

WHITEOAK HARVEST: Mazo De La Roche; Macmillan; pp. 329; \$2.00.

SCORPION: A Good Bad Horse: Will James; Scribners; pp. 312; \$2.50.

CITIES OF REFUGE: Philip Gibbs; Ryerson; pp. 477; \$2.50.

THE KIDNAP MURDER CASE: S. S. Van Dine; Scribners; pp. 316; \$2.00.

TIME IN THE ROCK: (poetry) Conrad Aiken; Scribners; pp. 138; \$2.50.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS: James Jeans and others; Unwin-Nelson; pp. 210; \$2.50.



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